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THE

PARENT'S ASSISTANT;

OR,

STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

BY

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

499

CONTAINING

OLD POZ,

THE MIMIC,

MADEMOISELLE PANACHE.

A NEW EDITION.

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499

OLD POZ.

Lucy, *daughter to the Justice.*
Mrs. Bustle, *Landlady of the Saracen's Head.*
Justice Headstrong.
Old Man.
William, *a Servant.*

SCENE I.

The house of Justice Headstrong—a hall. Lucy watering some myrtles—a servant behind the scenes is heard to say—

——I tell you my master is not up —you can't see him, so go about your business, I say.

Lucy. Whom are you speaking to, William?—Who's that?

Will. Only an old man, miss, with a complaint for my master.

Lucy. Oh then don't send him away—don't send him away.

Will. But master has not had his chocolate, ma'am. He won't see any body ever before he drinks his chocolate, you know, ma'am.

Lucy. But let the old man then come in here—perhaps he can wait a little while—call him.

[*Exit Servant.*

(*Lucy sings, and goes on watering her myrtles—the Servant shows in the Old Man.*)

Will. You can't see my master this hour, but miss will let you stay here.

Lucy. (*aside*) Poor old man, how he trembles as he walks! (*Aloud*) Sit

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down, sit down, my father will see you soon; pray sit down.

(*He hesitates, she pushes a chair towards him.*)

Lucy. Pray sit down.

(*He sits down.*)

Old Man. You are very good, miss, very good.

(*Lucy goes to her myrtles again.*)

Lucy. Ah! I'm afraid this poor myrtle is quite dead—quite dead.

(*The Old Man sighs, and she turns round.*)

Lucy. (*aside*) I wonder what can make him sigh so!—(*Aloud*) My father won't make you wait long.

Old M. O, ma'am, as long as he pleases—I'm in no haste—no haste—its only a small matter.

Lucy. But does a small matter make you sigh so?

Old M. Ah, miss; because, though it is a small matter in itself, it is not a

small matter to me (*sighing again*); it was my all, and I've lost it.

Lucy. What do you mean? What have you lost?

Old M. Why, miss — but I won't trouble you about it.

Lucy. But it won't trouble me at all—I mean, I wish to hear it—so tell it me.

Old M. Why, miss, I slept last night at the inn here, in town—the Saracen's Head——

Lucy. (*interrupts him*) Hark, there is my father coming down stairs; follow me—you may tell me your story as we go along.

Old M. I slept at the Saracen's Head, miss, and——

[*Exit talking.*

SCENE II.

Justice Headstrong's Study.

(He appears in his night-gown and cap, with his gouty foot upon a stool—a table and chocolate beside him—Lucy is leaning on the arm of his chair.)

Just. Well, well, my darling, presently—I'll see him presently.

Lucy. Whilst you are drinking your chocolate, papa?

Just. No, no, no—I never see any body till I have done my chocolate, darling. (*He tastes his chocolate*) There's no sugar in this, child.

Lucy. Yes, indeed, papa.

Just. No child—there's *no* sugar I tell you—that's poz!

Lucy. Oh, but, papa, I assure you, I put in two lumps myself.

Just. There's *no* sugar, I say—why will you contradict me, child, for ever? —there is no sugar, I say.

(*Lucy leans over him playfully, and with his tea-spoon pulls out two lumps of sugar.*)

Lucy. What's this, papa?

Just. Pshaw! pshaw! pshaw! it is not melted, child—it is the same as no sugar. Oh my foot, girl! my foot—you kill me—go, go, I'm busy—I've business to do—go and send William to me; do you hear, love?

Lucy. And the old man, papa?

Just. What old man? I tell you what, I've been plagued ever since I was awake, and before I was awake,

about that old man. If he can't wait, let him go about his business—don't you know, child, I never see any body till I've drunk my chocolate—and I never will, if it was a duke, that's poz! Why it has but just struck twelve; if he can't wait, he can go about his business, can't he?

Lucy. O, sir, he *can* wait. It was not he who was impatient: (*she comes back playfully*) it was only I, papa; don't be angry.

Just. Well—well, well (*finishing his cup of chocolate, and pushing the dish away*); and at any rate there was not sugar enough—send William, send William, child, and I'll finish my own business, and then——

[*Exit Lucy—dancing—" And then!—and then!"*]

JUSTICE *alone.*

Oh this foot of mine! (*twinges*)—oh this foot! Aye, if Dr. Sparerib could cure one of the gout, then, indeed, I should think something of him—but, as to my leaving off my bottle of port, it's nonsense, it's all nonsense, I can't do it—I can't, and I won't, for all the Dr. Spareribs in Christendom, that's poz!

Enter WILLIAM.

Just. William—oh! aye—hey—what answer, pray, did you bring from the Saracen's Head?—Did you see Mrs. Bustle herself, as I bid you?

Will. Yes, sir, I saw the landlady herself—she said she would come up immediately, sir.

Just. Ah, that's well—immediately?

Will. Yes, sir, and I hear her voice below now.

Just. O show her up, show Mrs. Bustle in.

Enter Mrs. Bustle, *the Landlady of the Saracen's Head.*

Land. Good-morrow to your worship!—I'm glad to see your worship look so purely—I came up with all speed (*taking breath*). Our pie is in the oven—that was what you sent for me about, I take it.

Just. True—true—sit down, good Mrs. Bustle, pray ——

Land. O your worship's always very good (*settling her apron*); I came up just as I was, only threw my shawl over me—I thought your worship would excuse—I'm quite as it were rejoiced to see your worship look so purely, and to find you up so hearty—

Just. O, I'm very hearty (*coughing*), always hearty and thankful for it—I hope to see many Christmas doings yet, Mrs. Bustle—and so our pie is in the oven, I think you say?

Land. In the oven it is—I put it in with my own hands, and, if we have but good luck in the baking, it will be as pretty a goose-pie, though I say it that should not say it, as pretty a goose-pie as ever your worship set your eye upon.

Just. Will you take a glass of any thing this morning, Mrs. Bustle?—I have some nice usquebaugh.

Land. O no, your worship!—I thank your worship, though, as much as if I took it; but I just took my luncheon before I came up—or more proper *my sandwich*, I should say, for the fashion's sake, to be sure. A *lun-*

cheon won't go down with nobody, now-a-days (*laughs*)—I expect hostler and boots will be calling for their sandwiches just now (*laughs again*)—I'm sure I beg your worship's pardon for mentioning a *luncheon*.

Just. O, Mrs. Bustle, the word's a good word, for it means a good thing, ha! ha! ha! ha! (*pulls out his watch*)—but, pray, is it luncheon time?—why it's past one, I declare, and I thought I was up in remarkably good time too.

Land. Well, and to be sure so it was, remarkable good time for *your worship*—but folks in our way must be up betimes, you know—I've been up and about these seven hours!

Just. (*stretching*) Seven hours!

Land. Aye, indeed, eight, I might say, for I'm an early little body,

though I say it that should not say it—I *am* an early little body.

Just. An early little body, as you say, Mrs. Bustle—so I shall have my goose-pie for dinner, hey?

Land. For dinner, as sure as the clock strikes four—but I mustn't stay prating, for it may be spoiling if I'm away—so I must wish your worship a good morning. (*She curtsies.*)

Just. No ceremony — no ceremony, good Mrs. Bustle, your servant.

Enter WILLIAM, *to take away the chocolate—the Landlady is putting on her shawl.*

Just. You may let that man know, William, that I have dispatched my *own* business, and I am at leisure for his now—(*taking a pinch of snuff*)—

hum—pray, William! *(Justice leans back gravely)*—what sort of a looking fellow is he, pray?

Will. Most like a sort of a travelling man, in my opinion, sir,—or something that way, I take it.

(At these words the Landlady turns round inquisitively, and delays, that she may listen, whilst she is putting on and pinning her shawl.)

Just. Hum—a sort of a travelling man—hum—lay my books out open, at the title Vagrant—and, William, tell the cook that Mrs. Bustle promises me the goose-pie for dinner—four o'clock, do you hear?—And show the old man in now.

The Landlady looks eagerly towards the door, as it opens, and exclaims—

Land. My old gentleman, as I hope to breathe!

Enter the OLD MAN.

(*Lucy follows the Old Man on tiptoe—the Justice leans back, and looks consequential—the Landlady sets her arms a-kimbo; the Old Man starts as he sees her.*)

Just. What stops you, friend? Come forward, if you please.

Land. (*advancing*) So, sir! is it you, sir?—aye, you little looked, I warrant ye, to meet me here with his worship—but there you reckoned without your host—out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Just. What is all this?—what is this?

Land. (*running on*) None of your flummery stuff will go down with his worship, no more than with me, I give ye warning—so you may go further and fare worse—and spare your breath to cool your porridge.

Just. (*waves his hand with dignity*) Mrs. Bustle, good Mrs. Bustle, remember where you are—silence!—silence!—Come forward, sir, and let me hear what you have to say.

(*The Old Man comes forward.*)

Just. Who, and what may you be, friend? and what is your business with me?

Land. Sir, if your worship will give me leave——

(*Justice makes a sign to her to be silent.*)

Old M. Please your worship, I am an old soldier.

Land. (*interrupting*) An old hypocrite, say.

Just. Mrs. Bustle, pray—I desire—let the man speak.

Old M. For these two years past, ever since, please your worship—I wasn't able to work any longer, for in

my youth I *did* work as well as the best of them.

Land. (*eager to interrupt*) You work—you——

Just. Let him finish his story, I say.

Lucy. Aye, do, do, papa, speak for him. Pray, Mrs. Bustle——

Land. (*turning suddenly round to Lucy*) Miss!—A good morrow to you, ma'am—I humbly beg your apologies, for not seeing you sooner, Miss Lucy.

(*Justice nods to the Old Man, who goes on.*)

Old M. But, please your worship, it pleased God to take away the use of my left arm, and, since that, I have never been able to work.

Land. Flummery!—flummery!

Just. (*angrily*) Mrs. Bustle, I have desired silence, and I will have it, that's poz!—you shall have your turn presently.

Old M. For these two years past—for why should I be ashamed to tell the truth—I have lived upon charity, and I scraped together a guinea and a half, and upwards; and I was travelling with it to my grandson, in the north, with him to end my days—*but*—(*sighing*)

Just. But what?—proceed pray to the point.

Old M. But, last night, I slept here in town, please your worship, at the Saracen's Head.

Land. (*in a rage*) At the Saracen's Head! yes, forsooth, none such ever slept at the Saracen's Head afore, or ever shall after, as long as my name's Bustle, and the Saracen's Head is the Saracen's Head.

Just. Again!—again!—Mrs. Landlady, this is downright—I have said you should speak presently—he *shall*

speak first, since I've said it—that's poz! Speak on, friend: you slept last night at the Saracen's Head.

Old M. Yes, please your worship, and I accuse nobody—but, at night, I had my little money safe, and, in the morning, it was gone.

Land. Gone!—gone indeed in my house! and this is the way I'm to be treated; is it so?—I couldn't but speak, please your worship, to such an inhuman-like, out o'-the way, scandalous charge, if King George, and all the Royal Family, were sitting in your worship's chair, besides you, to silence me —(*Turning to the Old Man*)—And this is your gratitude, forsooth! Didn't you tell me that any hole in my house was good enough for you, you wheedling hypocrite, and my thanks is to call me and mine a pack of thieves.

Old M. O, no, no, no, *No*—a pack of thieves, by no means!

Land. Aye, I thought when *I* came to speak we should have you upon your marrow-bones in——

Just. (*imperiously*) Silence!—five times have I commanded silence, and five times in vain; and I won't command any thing five times in vain—*that's poz!*

Land. (*in a pet, aside*) Old Poz! (*Aloud*)—Then, your worship, I don't see any business I have to be waiting here—the folks will want me at home —(*returning and whispering*)—shall I send the goose-pie up, your worship, if it's ready?

Just. (*with magnanimity*) I care not for the goose-pie, Mrs. Bustle—do not talk to me of goose-pies—this is no place to talk of pies.

Land. O, for that matter, your worship knows best, to be sure.

[*Exit Landlady, angry.*

SCENE III.

JUSTICE HEADSTRONG, OLD MAN, *and* LUCY.

Lucy. Ah now I'm glad he can speak —now tell papa—and you need not be afraid to speak to him, for he is very good-natured—don't contradict him though—because he told *me* not—

Just. O darling, *you* shall contradict me as often as you please—only not before I've drunk my chocolate, child—hey!—go on, my good friend, you see what it is to live in old England, where,

thank Heaven, the poorest of his Majesty's subjects may have justice, and speak his mind before the first man in the land. Now speak on, and you hear she tells you you need not be afraid of me. Speak on.

Old M. I thank your worship, I'm sure.

Just. Thank me! for what, sir? I won't be thanked for doing justice, sir; so—but explain this matter. You lost your money, hey, at the Saracen's Head—you had it safe last night, hey?—and you missed it this morning. Are you sure you had it safe at night?

Old M. O, please your worship, quite sure, for I took it out and looked at it, just before I said my prayers.

Just. You did—did ye so—hum! pray, my good friend, where might

you put your money when you went to bed?

Old M. Please your worship, where I always put it—always—in my tobacco-box.

Just. Your tobacco-box! I never heard of such a thing—to make a *strong box* of a tobacco-box—ha! ha! ha!—hum—and you say the box and all was gone in the morning.

Old M. No, please your worship, no, not the box, the box was never stirred from the place where I put it. They left me the box.

Just. Tut, tut, tut, man!—took the money and left the box; I'll never believe *that*; I'll never believe, that any one could be such a fool. Tut, tut! the thing's impossible: it's well you are not upon oath.

Old M. If I was, please your worship,

I should say the same, for it is the truth.

Just. Don't tell me, don't tell me; I say the thing is impossible.

Old M. Please your worship, here's the box.

Just. (*goes on without looking at it*) Nonsense! nonsense! it's no such thing, it's no such thing, I say—no man would take the money, and leave the tobacco-box, I won't believe it—nothing shall make me believe it ever—that's poz.

Lucy. (*takes the box, and holds it up before her father's eyes*) You did not see the box; did you, papa?

Just. Yes, yes, yes, child—nonsense! it's all a lie from beginning to end. A man who tells one lie will tell a hundred—all a lie!—all a lie!

Old M. If your worship would give me leave——

Just. Sir—it does not signify—it does not signify; I've said it, I've said it, and that's enough to convince me; and I'll tell you more, if my Lord Chief Justice of England told it to me, I would not believe it—that's poz!

Lucy. (*still playing with the box*)—But how comes the box here, I wonder?

Just. Pshaw! pshaw! pshaw, darling;—go to your dolls, darling, and don't be positive—go to your dolls, and don't talk of what you don't understand. What can you understand, I want to know, of the law?

Lucy. No, papa, I didn't mean about the law—but about the box; because, if the man had taken it, how could it be here, you know, papa?

Just. Hey, hey, what?—why what I say is this, that I don't dispute, that that box, that you hold in your hands,

is a box; nay, for aught I know, it may be a tobacco-box—but it's clear to me, that if they left the box they did not take the money—and how do you dare, sir, to come before Justice Headstrong with a lie in your mouth?—recollect yourself, I'll give you time to recollect yourself.

(*A Pause.*)

Just. Well, sir, and what do you say now about the box?

Old M. Please your worship, with submission, I *can* say nothing but what I said before.

Just. What, contradict me again—after I gave ye time to recollect yourself—I've done with ye, I have done—contradict me as often as you please, but you cannot impose upon me; I defy you to impose me!

Old M. Impose!

Just. I know the law—I know the law!—and I'll make you know it too—one hour I give you to recollect yourself, and if you don't give up this idle story—I'll—I'll commit you as a vagrant—that's poz!—go, go for the present. William, take him into the servant's hall, do you hear?—What, take the money, and leave the box—I'll never believe it, that's poz!

(*Lucy speaks to the Old Man as he is going off.*)

Lucy. Don't be frightened! don't be frightened—I mean, if you tell the truth, never be frightened.

Old M. If I tell the truth—(*turning up his eyes.*)

Old Man is still held back by

Lucy. One moment—answer me one question—because of something that just came into my head—Was the box shut fast when you left it?

Old M. No, miss, no!—open—it was open, for I could not find the lid in the dark—my candle went out—*If* I tell the truth—oh!

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

JUSTICE'S *Study—the* JUSTICE *is writing.*

Old M. Well!—I shall have but few days more misery in this world!

Just. (*looks up*) Why! why—why then, why will you be so positive to persist in a lie? Take the money and leave the box! obstinate blockhead! Here, William (*showing the committal*), take this old gentleman to Holdfast,

the constable, and give him this warrant.

Enter LUCY, *running, out of breath.*

I've found it! I've found it! I've found it! Here, old man; here's your money—here it is all—a guinea and a half, and a shilling and a sixpence, just as he said, papa.

Enter LANDLADY.

O la! your worship, did you ever hear the like?

Just. I've heard nothing, yet, that I can understand. First, have you secured the thief, I say?

Lucy. (*makes signs to the Landlady to be silent*) Yes, yes, yes! we have him safe—we have him prisoner.—Shall he come in, papa?

Just. Yes, child, by all means; and now I shall hear what possessed him to leave the box—I don't understand—there's something deep in all this, I don't understand it. Now I do desire, Mrs. Landlady, nobody may speak a single word, whilst I am cross-examining the thief.

(*Landlady puts her finger upon her lips—Every body looks eagerly towards the door.*)

Re-enter LUCY, *with a huge wicker cage in her hand, containing a magpie—the Justice drops the committal out of his hand.*

Just. Hey!—what! Mrs. Landlady! the old magpie! hey!

Land. Aye, your worship, my old magpie—who'd have thought it—Miss was very clever, it was she caught the thief. Miss was very clever.

Old M. Very good! very good!

Just. Aye, darling! her father's own child! How was it, child?—caught the thief *with the mainour*, hey! tell us all —I will hear all—that's poz!

Lucy. Oh then, first I must tell you how I came to suspect Mr. Magpie.—Do you remember, papa, that day last summer, that I went with you to the bowling-green, at the Saracen's Head?

Land. O, of all days in the year—but I ask pardon, Miss.

Lucy. Well, that day I heard my uncle and another gentleman telling stories of magpies hiding money; and they laid a wager about this old magpie—and they tried him—they put a shilling upon the table, and he ran away with it, and hid it—so I thought that he might do so again, you know, this time.

Just. Right, right; it's a pity, child, you are not upon the bench; ha! ha! ha!

Lucy. And when I went to his old hiding place—there it was—but you see, papa, he did not take the box.

Just. No, no, no! because the thief was a magpie—no *man* would have taken the money, and left the box. You see I was right—no *man* would have left the box, hey?

Lucy. Certainly not, I suppose—but I'm so very glad, old man, that you have gotten your money.

Just. Well then, child, here, take my purse, and add that to it. We were a little too hasty with the committal—hey?

Land. Aye, and I fear I was so too; but when one is touched about the credit of one's house, one's apt to speak warmly.

Old M. O, I'm the happiest man alive! You are all convinced I told you no lies—say no more—say no more—I am the happiest man! Miss, you have made me the happiest old man alive!—bless you for it!

Land. Well now, I'll tell you what—I know what I think—you must keep that there magpie, and make a show of him, and I warrant he'll bring you many an honest penny—for it's a *true story*, and folks will like to hear it, I hopes—

Just. (*eagerly*) And friend, do you hear, you'll dine here to day—You'll dine here—we have some excellent ale—I will have you drink my health, that's poz!—hey, you'll drink my health, won't you, hey?

Old M. (*bows*) O—and the young lady's, if you please.

Just. Aye, aye, drink her health—she deserves it—aye, drink my darling's health.

Land. And please your worship, it's the right time, I believe, to speak of the goose-pie now—and a charming pie it is, and it's on the table.

Will. And Mr. Smack, the curate, and 'Squire Solid, and the Doctor, sir, are come, and dinner is upon the table.

Just. Then let us say no more—but do justice immediately to the goose-pie—and, darling, put me in mind to tell this story after dinner—

(*After they go out, the Justice stops.*)

"Tell this story"—I don't know whether it tells well for me—but I'll never be positive any more—*that's poz!*

THE MIMIC.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. and Mrs. Montague spent the summer of the year 1795 at Clifton, with their son Frederick, and their two daughters, Sophia and Marianne. They had taken much care of the education of their children, nor were they ever tempted by any motive of personal convenience, or temporary amusement, to hazard the permanent happiness of their pupils.

Sensible of the extreme importance of early impressions, and of the powerful influence of external circumstances

in forming the character and the manners, they were now anxious, that the variety of new ideas, and new objects, which would strike the minds of their children, should appear in a just point of view.

"Let children see, and judge for themselves," is often inconsiderately said.—Where children see only a part, they cannot judge of the whole—and from the superficial view which they can have in short visits and desultory conversation, they can form only a false estimate of the objects of human happiness, a false notion of the nature of society, and false opinions of characters.—For these reasons Mr. and Mrs. Montague were particularly cautious in the choice of their acquaintance, as they were well aware, that whatever passed in conversation before their children be-

came part of their education.—When they came to Clifton, they wished to have had a house entirely to themselves; but as they came late in the season, almost all the lodging houses were full, and for a few weeks they were obliged to remain in a house, in which some of the apartments were already occupied.

During the first fortnight, they scarcely saw or heard any thing of one of the families, who lodged on the same floor with them.—An elderly quaker, and his sister Birtha, were their silent neighbours.—The blooming complexion of the lady had indeed attracted the attention of the children, as they caught a glimpse of her face, when she was getting into her carriage to go out upon the Downs.—They could scarcely believe, that she

came to the Wells on account of her health.—Besides her blooming complexion, the delicate white of her garments had struck them with admiration; and they observed, that her brother carefully guarded these from the wheel of the carriage, as he handed her in. From this circumstance, and from the benevolent countenance of the old gentleman, they concluded, that he was very fond of his sister—that they were certainly very happy, only they never spoke, and could be seen but for a moment.

Not so the maiden lady who occupied the ground floor.—On the stairs, in the passages, at her window, she was continually visible; and she seemed to possess the art of being present in all these places at once.—Her voice was eternally to be heard, and it was not particularly melodious. The very first day she

met Mrs. Montague's children on the stairs, she stopped to tell Marianne, that she was a charming dear! and a charming little dear! to kiss her, to inquire her name, and to inform her that her own name was "Mrs. Theresa Tattle;" a circumstance of which there was little danger of their long remaining in ignorance, for in the course of one morning at least twenty single, and as many double raps at the door, were succeeded by vociferations of "Mrs. Theresa Tattle's servant!"—"Mrs. Theresa Tattle at home?"—"Mrs. Theresa Tattle not at home."

No person at the Wells was oftener at home and abroad than Mrs. Tattle! She had, as she deemed it, the happiness to have a most extensive acquaintance residing at Clifton. She had for years kept a register of arrivals. She

regularly consulted the subscriptions to the circulating libraries, and the lists at the Ball and the Pump-Rooms; so that, with a memory unencumbered with literature, and free from all domestic cares, she contrived to retain a most astonishing and correct list of births, deaths, and marriages, together with all the anecdotes, amusing, instructive, or scandalous, which are necessary to the conversation of a water-drinking place, and essential to the character of a "very "pleasant woman."

"A very pleasant woman," Mrs. Tattle was usually called; and conscious of her accomplishments, she was eager to introduce herself to the acquaintance of her new neighbours; having, with her ordinary expedition, collected from their servants, by means of her own, all that could be known, or rather all that

could be told, about them. The name of Montague, at all events, she knew was a good name, and justified her courting this acquaintance. She courted it first by nods, and becks, and smiles, at Marianne, whenever she met her; and Marianne, who was a very little girl, began presently to nod and smile in return; persuaded, that a lady, who smiled so much, could not be ill-natured. Besides, Mrs. Theresa's parlour door was sometimes left more than half open, to afford a view of a green parrot. Marianne sometimes passed very slowly by this door. One morning it was left quite wide open; she stopped to say, "Pretty Poll," and immediately Mrs. Tattle begged she would do her the honour to walk in and see "Pretty Poll;" at the same time taking

the liberty to offer her a piece of iced plum cake.

The next day Mrs. Theresa Tattle did herself the honour to wait upon Mrs. Montague, "to apologize for the liberty she had taken, in inviting Mrs. Montague's charming Miss Marianne into her apartment to see Pretty Poll; and for the still greater liberty she had taken in offering her a piece of plum cake, inconsiderate creature that she was! which might possibly have disagreed with her, and which certainly were liberties she never should have been induced to take, if she had not been unaccountably bewitched by Miss Marianne's striking, though highly flattering resemblance, to a young gentleman, an officer, with whom she had danced; she was sorry to say, now

nearly twelve years ago, at the races in ——shire, of the name of Montague, a most respectable young man, and of a most respectable family, with which, in a remote degree, she might presume to say, she herself was someway connected, having the honour to be nearly related to the Jones's of Merionethshire, who were cousins to the Manwairings of Bedfordshire, who married into the family of the Griffiths's, the eldest branch of which, she understood, had the honour to be cousin-german to Mr. Montague, on which account she had been impatient to pay a visit so likely to be productive of most agreeable consequences, in the acquisition of an acquaintance whose society must do her infinite honour."

Having thus happily accomplished her first visit, there seemed little proba-

bility of escaping Mrs. Tattle's farther acquaintance. In the course of the first week, she only hinted to Mr. Montague, that "some people thought his system of education rather odd; that she should be obliged to him, if he would, some time or other, when he had nothing else to do, just sit down and make her understand his notions, that she might have something to say to her acquaintance, as she always wished to have, when she heard any friend attacked, or any friend's opinions."

Mr. Montague declining to sit down and make this lady understand a system of education only to give her something to say, and showing unaccountable indifference about the attacks with which he was threatened, Mrs. Tattle next addressed herself to Mrs. Montague, prophesying, in a most serious

whisper, "that the charming Miss Marianne would shortly and inevitably grow quite crooked, if she were not immediately provided with a back-board, a French dancing-master, and a pair of stocks." This alarming whisper could not, however, have a permanent effect upon Mrs. Montague's understanding, because, three days afterwards, Mrs. Theresa, upon the most anxious inspection, mistook the hip and shoulder which should have been the highest. This danger vanishing, Mrs. Tattle presently, with a rueful length of face and formal preface, "hesitated to assure Mrs. Montague, that she was greatly distressed about her daughter Sophy; that she was convinced her lungs were affected; and that she certainly ought to drink the waters morning and evening; and above all things must keep

one of the patirosa lozenges constantly in her mouth, and directly consult Dr. Cardamum, the best physician in the world, and the person she would send for herself upon her death-bed; because, to her certain knowledge, he had recovered a young lady, a relation of her own, after she had lost one whole *globe* of her lungs."

The medical opinion of a lady of so much anatomical precision could not have much weight; nor was this universal adviser more successful in an attempt to introduce a tutor to Frederick, who, she apprehended, must want one to perfect him in the Latin and Greek, and dead languages, of which, she observed, it would be impertinent for a woman to talk; only she might venture to repeat what she had heard said by good authority, that a competency of

the dead tongues could be had no where but at a public school, or else from a private tutor, who had been abroad (after the advantage of a classical education, finished in one of the universities) with a good family, without which introduction it was idle to think of reaping solid advantages from any continental tour; all which requisites she could, from personal knowledge, aver concentrated in the gentleman she had the honour to recommend, as having been tutor to a young nobleman, who had now no farther occasion for him, being unfortunately, for himself and his family, killed in an untimely duel.

All her suggestions being lost upon these unthinking parents, Mrs. Theresa Tattle's powers were next tried upon the children, and presently her success

was apparent. On Sophy, indeed, she could not make any impression, though she had expended on her some of her finest strokes of flattery. Sophy, though very desirous of the approbation of her friends, was not very desirous to win the favour of strangers. She was about thirteen, that dangerous age at which ill-educated girls, in their anxiety to display their accomplishments, are apt to become dependent for applause upon the praise of every idle visitor; when the habits not being formed, and the attention being suddenly turned to dress and manners, girls are apt to affect and imitate, indiscriminately, every thing that they fancy to be agreeable.

Sophy, whose taste had been cultivated at the same time with her powers of reasoning, was not liable to fall into these errors; she found, that she could

please those whom she wished to please, without affecting to be any thing but what she really was; and her friends listened to what she said, though she never repeated the sentiments, or adopted the phrases, which she might easily have caught from the conversation of those who were older or more fashionable than herself. This word Fashionable, Mrs. Theresa Tattle knew had usually a great effect even at thirteen; but she had not observed that it had much power upon Sophy; nor were her documents concerning grace and manners much attended to. Her mother had taught Sophy, that it was best to let herself alone, and not to distort either her person or her mind in acquiring grimace, which nothing but the fashion of the moment can support, and which is always detected and despised

by people of real good sense and politeness.

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Tattle to herself, "if I had such a tall daughter, and so unformed, before my eyes from morning to night, it would certainly break my poor heart. Thank Heaven, I am not a mother! Miss Marianne for me, if I was!"

Miss Marianne had heard so often from Mrs. Tattle that she was charming, that she could not help believing it; and from being a very pleasing, unaffected little girl, she in a short time grew so conceited, that she could neither speak, look, move, nor be silent, without imagining that every body was, or ought to be, looking at her; and when Mrs. Theresa saw that Mrs. Montague looked very grave upon these occasions, she, to repair the ill she had

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done, would say, after praising Marianne's hair or her eyes, "O, but little ladies should never think about their beauty you know; nobody loves any body you know for being handsome, but for being good." People must think children are very silly, or else they can never have reflected upon the nature of belief in their own minds, if they imagine, that children will believe the words that are said to them by way of moral, when the countenance, manner, and every concomitant circumstance tell them a different tale. Children are excellent physiognomists; they quickly learn the universal language of looks, and what is said of them always makes a greater impression than what is said to them; a truth of which those prudent people surely cannot be aware, who comfort themselves, and apologize to

parents, by saying, "O but I would not say so and so to the child."

Mrs. Theresa had seldom said to Frederick Montague, "that he had a vast deal of drollery, and was a most incomparable Mimic;" but she had said so of him in whipers, which magnified the sound to his imagination, if not to his ear. He was a boy of much vivacity, and had considerable abilities; but his appetite for vulgar praise had not yet been surfeited; even Mrs. Theresa Tattle's flattery pleased him, and he exerted himself for her entertainment so much, that he became quite a buffoon. Instead of observing characters and manners, that he might judge of them and form his own, he now watched every person he saw, that he might detect some foible, or catch some singularity in their gesture or pro-

nunciation, which he might successfully mimic.

Alarmed by the rapid progress of these evils, Mr. and Mrs. Montague, who, from the first day that they had been honoured with Mrs. Tattle's visit, had begun to look out for new lodgings, were now extremely impatient to decamp. They were not people who, from the weak fear of offending a silly acquaintance, would hazard the happiness of their family. They had heard of a house in the country which was likely to suit them, and they determined to go directly to look at it. As they were to be absent all day, they foresaw their officious neighbour would probably interfere with their children. They did not choose to exact any promise from them, which they might be tempted to break, and therefore they only

said at parting, "If Mrs. Theresa Tattle should ask you to come to her, do as you think proper."

Scarcely had Mrs. Montague's carriage gone out of hearing, when a note was brought, directed to "Frederick Montague, junior, Esq." which he immediately opened, and read as follows:

"Mrs. Theresa Tattle presents her very best compliments to the entertaining Mr. Frederick Montague; she hopes he will have the charity to drink tea with her this evening, and bring his charming sister Marianne with him, as Mrs. Theresa will be quite alone, with a shocking head-ache, and is sensible her nerves are affected; and Dr. Cardamum says, that (especially in Mrs. T. T.'s case) it is downright death to nervous patients to be alone an instant; she therefore trusts Mr. Frederick will not refuse to come and make her laugh.

" Mrs. Theresa has taken care to provide a few macaroons for her little favourite, who said she was particularly fond of them the other day.

" Mrs. Theresa hopes they will all come at six, or before, not forgetting Miss Sophy, if she will condescend to be of the party."

At the first reading of this note, " the entertaining" Mr. Frederick, and the " charming" Miss Marianne, laughed heartily, and looked at Sophy, as if they were afraid that she should think it possible they could like such gross flattery; but upon a second perusal, Marianne observed, that it certainly was good-natured of Mrs. Theresa, to remember the macaroons; and Frederick allowed, that it was wrong to laugh at the poor woman because she had the head-ache. Then twisting the

note in his fingers, he appealed to Sophy; "Well, Sophy, leave off drawing for an instant, and tell us, what answer can we send?"—"Can! we can send what answer we please."—"Yes, I know that," said Frederick; "I would refuse if I could, but we ought not to do any thing rude, should we? So I think we might as well go. Hey! because we could not refuse, if we would, I say."

"You have made such confusion," replied Sophy, "between 'couldn't,' and 'would n't,' and 'should n't,' that I can't understand you; surely they are all different things."

"Different; no," cried Frederick," "could, would, should, might, and ought, are all the same thing in the Latin grammar; all of 'em signs of the potential mood, you know."

Sophy, whose powers of reasoning were not to be confounded even by quotations from the Latin grammar, looked up soberly from her drawing, and answered, That very likely those words might be signs of the same thing in the Latin grammar, but that she believed they meant perfectly different things in real life.

"That's just as people please," said her sophistical brother; "you know words mean nothing in themselves. If I choose to call my hat my cadwallader, you would understand me just as well, after I had once explained it to you, that by cadwallader I meant this black thing that I put upon my head; cadwallader and hat would then be just the same thing to you."

"Then why have two words for the same thing?" said Sophy; "and what

has this to do with could and should? You wanted to prove—"

"I wanted to prove," interrupted Frederick, "that it's not worth while to dispute for two hours about two words. Do keep to the point, Sophy, and don't dispute with me."

"I was not disputing, I was reasoning."

"Well, reasoning or disputing. Women have no business to do either, for how should they know how to chop logic like men?"

At this contemptuous sarcasm upon her sex, Sophy's colour rose. "There!" cried Frederick, exulting, "now we shall see a philosopheress in a passion; I'd give sixpence, half-price for a harlequin entertainment, to see Sophy in a passion. Now, Marianne, look at her brush dabbling so fast in the water!"

Sophy, who could not easily bear to be laughed at, with some little indignation said, "Brother, I wish ——," "There! there!" cried Frederick, pointing to the colour which rose in her cheek almost to her temples; "Rising! rising! rising! Look at the thermometer. Blood heat! Blood! Fever heat! Boiling water heat! Marianne."

"Then," said Sophy, smiling, "you should stand a little farther off, both of you; leave the thermometer to itself a little while; give it time to cool. It will come down to temperate by the time you look again."

"O, brother," cried Marianne, "she's so good-humour'd, don't tease her any more; and don't draw heads upon her paper; and don't stretch her rubber out; and don't let us dirty any more of her brushes. See! the sides

of her tumbler are all manner of colours."

"O, I only mixed red, blue, green, and yellow, to show you, Marianne, that all colours mixed together make white. But she is temperate now, and I won't plague her; she shall chop logic if she likes it, though she is a woman."

"But that's not fair, brother," said Marianne, "to say woman in that way. I'm sure Sophy found out how to tie that difficult knot, which papa showed to us yesterday, long before you did, though you are a man." "Not long," said Frederick; "besides, that was only a conjuring trick."

"It was very ingenious, though," said Marianne, "and papa said so; and besides, she understood the rule of three, which was no conjuring trick, better than you did, though she is a woman;

and she may reason too, mamma says."

"Very well, let her reason away," said the provoking wit; "all I have to say is, she'll never be able to make a pudding." "Why not, pray, brother?" inquired Sophy, looking up again very gravely. "Why, you know papa himself, the other day at dinner, said, that that woman, who talks Greek and Latin as well as I do, is a fool after all; and that she had better have learned something useful; and Mrs. Tattle said she'd answer for it she did not know how to make a pudding."

"Well, but I am not talking Greek and Latin, am I?"

"No, but you are drawing, and that's the same thing."

"The same thing! O Frederick!" said little Marianne, laughing.

"You may laugh, but I say it is the same sort of thing. Women that are always drawing and reasoning, never know how to make puddings; Mrs. Theresa Tattle said so, when I showed her Sophy's beautiful drawing yesterday."

"Mrs. Theresa Tattle might say so," replied Sophy, calmly, "but I do not perceive the reason, brother, why drawing should prevent me from learning how to make a pudding."

"Well, I say you'll never learn to make a good pudding.

"I have learned," continued Sophy, who was mixing her colours, "to mix such and such colours together to make the colour that I want; and why should I not be able to learn to mix flour and butter, and sugar and egg together, to make the taste that I want?"

"O, but mixing will never do, unless you know the quantities, like a cook; and you would never learn the right quantities."

"How did the cook learn them? cannot I learn them as she did?"

"Yes, but you'd never do it exactly, and mind the spoonfuls right, by the receipt, like a cook, exactly."

"Indeed! indeed! but she would," cried Marianne eagerly, "and a great deal more exactly, for mamma has taught her to weigh and measure things very carefully; and when I was ill, she always weighed my bark so nicely, and dropped my drops so carefully; not like the cook. When mamma took me down to see her make a cake once, I saw her spoonfuls, and her ounces, and her handfuls; she dashed and splashed without minding exactness, or the

receipt, or any thing. I'm sure Sophy would make a much better pudding, if exactness only is wanting."

"Well, granting that she could make the best pudding in the whole world, what does that signify? I say she never would, so it comes to the same thing."

"Never would! how can you tell that, brother?"

"Why now look at her, with her books, and her drawings, and all this apparatus; do you think she would ever jump up, with all her nicety too, and put by all these things, to go down into the greasy kitchen, and plump up to the elbows in suet, like a cook, for a plum-pudding."

"I need not plump up to the elbows, brother," said Sophy, smiling; "nor is it necessary, that I should be a cook;

but if it were necessary, I hope I should be able to make a pudding."

"Yes, yes, yes," cried Marianne, warmly, "that she would jump up, and put by all her things in a minute, if it was necessary, and run down stairs and up again like lightning, or do any thing that was ever so disagreeable to her, even about the suet, with all her nicety, brother, I assure you, as she used to do any thing, every thing for me, when I was ill last winter. O, brother, she can do any thing; and she could make the best plum-pudding in the whole world, I'm sure, in a minute, if it was necessary."

THE MIMIC.

CHAPTER II.

A KNOCK at the door from Mrs. Theresa Tattle's servant recalled Marianne to the business of the day.

"There," said Frederick, "we have sent no answer all this time. It's necessary to think of that in a minute."

The servant came with his mistress's compliments, to let the young ladies and Mr. Frederick know, that she was waiting tea for them.

"Waiting! then we must go," said Frederick.

The servant opened the door wider, to let him pass, and Marianne thought

she must follow her brother, so they went down stairs together, whilst Sophy gave her own message to the servant, and quietly staid at her usual occupations.

Mrs. Tattle was seated at her tea-table, with a large plate of macaroons beside her, when Frederick and Marianne entered. She was "delighted" they were come, and "grieved" not to see Miss Sophy along with them. Marianne coloured a little, for though she had precipitately followed her brother, and though he had quieted her conscience for a moment, by saying, "You know papa and mamma told us to do what we thought best," yet she did not feel quite pleased with herself; and it was not till after Mrs. Theresa had exhausted all her compliments, and half

her macaroons, that she could restore her spirits to their usual height.

"Come, Mr. Frederick," said she, after tea, "you promised to make me laugh; and nobody can make me laugh so well as yourself."

"O, brother," said Marianne, "show Mrs. Theresa Dr. Carbuncle eating his dinner, and I'll be Mrs. Carbuncle."

Marianne. Now, my dear, what shall I help you to?

Frederick. My dear! she never calls him my dear, you know, but always Doctor.

Mar. Well, then, Doctor, what will you eat to-day?

Fred. Eat, madam! Eat! Nothing! Nothing! I don't see any thing here that I can eat, ma'am.

Mar. Here's eels, sir; let me help

you to some eel, stewed eel, sir, you used to be fond of stewed eel.

Fred. Used, ma'am, used! But I'm sick of stewed ells. You would tire one of any thing. Am I to see nothing but eels? And what's this at the bottom?

Mar. Mutton, doctor, roast mutton, if you'll be so good as to cut it.

Fred. Cut it, ma'am, I can't cut it, I say. It's as hard as a deal board. You might as well tell me to cut the table, ma'am. Mutton, indeed! not a bit of fat. Roast mutton, indeed! not a drop of gravy. Mutton, truly! quite a cinder. I'll have none of it.—Here, take it away; take it down stairs to the cook. It's a very hard case, Mrs. Carbuncle, that I can never have a bit of any thing that I can eat at my own table, Mrs. Carbuncle, since I was married, ma'am,

I that am the easiest man in the whole world to please about my dinner. It's really very extraordinary, Mrs. Carbuncle! What have you at that corner there, under the cover?

Mar. Patties, sir; oyster patties.

Fred. Patties, ma'am! kickshaws! I hate kickshaws. Not worth putting under a cover, ma'am. And why have not you glass covers, that one may see one's dinner before one, before it grows cold with asking questions, Mrs. Carbuncle, and lifting up covers? But nobody has any sense, and I see no water-plates any where lately.

Mar. Do, pray, doctor, let me help you to a bit of this chicken before it gets cold, my dear.

Fred. (*aside.*) "My dear" again, Marianne!

Mar. Yes, brother, because she is

frightened you know, and Mrs. Carbuncle always says "my dear" to him when she's frightened, and looks so pale from side to side, and sometimes she cries before dinner's done, and then all the company are quite silent, and don't know what to do.

"O, such a little creature! to have so much sense too!" exclaimed Mrs. Theresa with rapture. "Mr. Frederick, you'll make me die with laughing!—Pray go on, Dr. Carbuncle."

Fred. Well, ma'am, then if I must eat something, send me a bit of fowl; a leg and wing, the liver-wing, and a bit of the breast, oyster sauce, and a slice of that ham, if you please, ma'am.

[*Dr. Carbuncle eats voraciously, with his head down to his plate, and dropping the sauce, he buttons up his coat tight across the breast.*]

Fred. Here—A plate, knife, and fork, bit o' bread, a glass of Dorchester ale!

"O, admirable!" exclaimed Mrs. Tattle, clapping her hands.

"Now, brother, suppose that it is after dinner," said Marianne, "and show us how the doctor goes to sleep."

Frederick threw himself back in an arm-chair, leaning his head back, with his mouth open, snoring; nodded from time to time, crossed and uncrossed his legs, tried to awaken himself by twitching his wig, settling his collar, blowing his nose, and rapping on the lid of his snuff-box.

All which infinitely diverted Mrs. Tattle, who, when she could stop herself from laughing, declared "it made her sigh too, to think of the life poor Mrs. Carbuncle led with that man,

and all for nothing too; for her jointure was nothing, next to nothing, though a great thing to be sure her friends thought for her, when she was only Sally Ridgeway, before she was married. Such a wife as she makes," continued Mrs. Theresa, lifting up her hands and eyes to heaven, "and so much as she has gone through, the brute ought to be ashamed of himself, if he does not leave her something extraordinary in his will; for turn it which way she will, she can never keep a carriage, or live like any body else, on her jointure, after all, she tells me, poor soul! A sad prospect after her husband's death to look forward to, instead of being comfortable, as her friends expected; and she, poor young thing, knowing no better, when they married her! People should look into these things before-

hand, or never marry at all, I say, Miss Marianne."

Miss Marianne, who did not clearly comprehend this affair of the jointure, or the reason why Mrs. Carbuncle would be so unhappy after her husband's death, turned to Frederick, who was at that instant studying Mrs. Theresa as a future character to mimic. "Brother," said Marianne, "now sing an Italian song for us like Miss Croker. Pray, Miss Croker, favour us with a song. Mrs. Theresa Tattle has never had the pleasure of hearing you sing; she's quite impatient to hear you sing."

"Yes, indeed I am," said Mrs. Theresa.

Frederick put his hands before him affectedly; "O, indeed, ma'am! indeed, ladies! I really am so hoarse, it distresses me so to be pressed to sing;

besides, upon my word, I have quite left off singing. I've never sung once, except for very particular people, this winter."

Mar. But Mrs. Theresa Tattle is a very particular person; I'm sure you'll sing for her.

Fred. Certainly, ma'am, I allow you use a powerful argument; but I assure you now, I would do my best to oblige you, but I absolutely have forgotten all my English songs, Nobody hears any thing but Italian now, and I have been so giddy as to leave my Italian music behind me. Besides, I make it a rule never to hazard myself without an accompaniment.

Mar. Oh, try, Miss Croker, for once.

[*Frederick sings, after much preluding.*]

Violante in the pantry,
Gnawing of a mutton-bone:
How she gnaw'd it,
How she claw'd it,
When she found herself alone!

"Charming!" exclaimed Mrs. Tattle; "so like Miss Croker, I'm sure I shall think of you, Mr. Frederick, when I hear her asked to sing again. Her voice, however, introduces her to very pleasant parties, and she's a girl that's very much taken notice of, and I don't doubt will go off vastly well. She's a particular favourite of mine, you must know; and I mean to do her a piece of service the first opportunity, by saying something or other, that shall go round to her relations in Northumberland, and make them do something for her;

as well they may, for they are all rolling in gold, and won't give her a penny."

Mar. Now, brother, read the newspaper like Counsellor Puff.

"O, pray do, Mr. Frederick, for I declare I admire you of all things! you are quite yourself to-night. Here's a newspaper, sir. Pray let us have Counsellor Puff. It's not late."

[*Frederick reads in a pompous voice.*]

"As a delicate white hand has ever been deemed a distinguishing ornament in either sex, Messrs. Valiant and Wise conceive it to be their duty, to take the earliest opportunity to advertise the nobility and gentry of Great Britain in general, and their friends in particular, that they have now ready for sale, as usual, at the Hippocrates's Head, a fresh assortment of new-invented, much-admired primrose-soap.—To prevent

impositions and counterfeits, the public are requested to take notice, that the only genuine primrose-soap is stamped on the outside, 'Valiant and Wise.'"

"O, you most incomparable mimic! 'tis absolutely the counsellor himself. I absolutely must show you, some day, to my friend Lady Battersby; you'd absolutely make her die with laughing; and she'd quite adore you," said Mrs. Theresa, who was well aware that every pause must be filled with flattery. "Pray go on, pray go on: I shall never be tired, if I were to sit looking at you these hundred years."

Stimulated by these plaudits, Frederick proceeded to show how Colonel Epaulette blew his nose, flourished his cambric handkerchief, bowed to Lady Di. Periwinkle, and admired her work,

saying, "Done by no hands, as you may guess, but those of Fairly Fair."— Whilst Lady Di., he observed, simpered so prettily, and took herself so quietly for Fairly Fair, not perceiving, that the colonel was admiring his own nails all the while.

Next to Colonel Epaulette, Frederick, at Marianne's particular desire, came into the room like Sir Charles Slang.

"Very well, brother," cried she, "your hand down to the very bottom of your pocket, and your other shoulder up to your ear; but you are not quite wooden enough, and you should walk as if your hip was out of joint. —There now, Mrs. Tattle, are not those good eyes? They stare so like his, without seeming to see any thing all the while."

"Excellent! admirable! Mr. Frederick, I must say, you are the best mimic of your age I ever saw, and I'm sure Lady Battersby will think so too. That is Sir Charles to the very life. But with all that, you must know, he's a mighty pleasant, fashionable young man, when you come to know him, and has a great deal of sense under all that, and is of a very good family, the Slangs you know. Sir Charles will come into a fine fortune himself next year, if he can keep clear of gambling, which I hear is his foible, poor young man! Pray go on, I interrupt you, Mr. Frederick."

"Now, brother," said Marianne.

"No, Marianne, I can do no more; I'm quite tired, and I will do no more," said Frederick, stretching himself at full length upon a sofa.

Even in the midst of laughter, and whilst the voice of flattery yet sounded in his ear, Frederick felt sad, displeased with himself, and disgusted with Mrs. Theresa.

"What a deep sigh was there!"—said Mrs. Theresa: "what can make you sigh so bitterly? You, who make every body else laugh. O, such another sigh again!"

"Marianne," cried Frederick, "do you remember the man in the mask?"

"What man in the mask, brother?"

"The man—the actor—the buffoon, that my father told us of, who used to cry behind the mask, that made every body else laugh."

"Cry! Bless me," said Mrs. Theresa, "mighty odd! very extraordinary! but one can't be surprised at

meeting with extraordinary characters amongst that race of people, actors by profession, you know; who are brought up from the egg to make their fortune, or at least their bread, by their oddities. But, my dear Mr. Frederick, you are quite pale, quite exhausted—no wonder—what will you have? a glass of cowslip-wine?"

"O, no, thank you, ma'am," said Frederick.

"O, yes; indeed you must not leave me without taking something; and Miss Marianne must have another macaroon; I insist upon it," said Mrs. Theresa, ringing the bell. "It is not late, and my man Christopher will bring up the cowslip-wine in a minute."

"But Sophy! and papa and mam-

ma, you know, will come home just now," said Marianne.

"O, Miss Sophy has her books and drawings; you know, she's never afraid of being alone; besides, to-night it was her own choice; and as to your papa and mamma, they won't be home to-night, I'm pretty sure; for a gentleman, who had it from their own authority, told me where they were going, which is farther off than they think, but they did not consult me; and I fancy they'll be obliged to sleep out, so you need not be in a hurry about them. We'll have candles."

The door opened just as Mrs. Tattle was going to ring the bell again for candles, and the cowslip wine. "Christopher! Christopher!" said Mrs. Theresa, who was standing at the fire, with

her back to the door when it opened, "Christopher! pray bring——Do you hear?" but no Christopher answered; and, upon turning round, Mrs. Tattle, instead of Christopher, beheld two little black figures, which stood perfectly still and silent. It was so dark, that their forms could scarcely be discerned.

"In the name of Heaven, who and what may you be? Speak, I conjure you! What are ye?"

"The chimney-sweepers, ma'am, an please your ladyship."

"Chimney-sweepers!" repeated Frederick and Marianne, bursting out a laughing.

"Chimney-sweepers!" repeated Mrs. Theresa, provoked at the recollection of her late solemn address to them.—"Chimney-sweepers! and could not you

say so a little sooner? And pray what brings you here, gentlemen, at this time of night?"

"The bell rang, ma'am," answered the squeaking voice.

"The bell rang! yes, for Christopher. The boy's mad, or drunk."

"Ma'am," said the tallest of the chimney-sweepers, who had not yet spoken, and who now began in a very blunt manner; "Ma'am, your brother desired us to come up when the bell rang; so we did."

"My brother? I have no brother, dunce," said Mrs. Theresa.

"Mr. Eden, madam."

"O, ho!" said Mrs. Tattle, in a more complacent tone, "the boy takes me for Miss Birtha Eden, I perceive; and, flattered to be taken in the dark by a chimney-sweeper, for a young and

handsome lady, Mrs. Theresa laughed and informed him, " that they had mistaken the room; that they must go up another pair of stairs, and turn to the left."

The chimney-sweeper with the squeaking voice bowed, thanked her ladyship for this information, said, " Good night to ye, quality;" and they both moved towards the door.

" Stay," said Mrs. Tattle, whose curiosity was excited: " what can the Edens want with chimney-sweepers at this time o'night, I wonder? Christopher, did you hear any thing about it?" said the lady to her footman, who was now lighting the candles.

" Upon my word, ma'am," said the servant, " I can't say, but I'll step down below and inquire. I heard them talking about it in the kitchen, but I only

got a word here and there, for I was hunting for the snuff-dish; as I knew it must be for candles, when I heard the bell ring, ma'am; so I thought to find the snuff-dish before I answered the bell, for I knew it must be for candles you rang. But, if you please, I'll step down now, ma'am, and see about the chimney-sweeps."

"Yes, step down, do; and Christopher, bring up the cowslip-wine, and some more macaroons for my little Marianne."

Marianne withdrew rather coldly from a kiss, which Mrs. Tattle was going to give her; for she was somewhat surprised at the familiarity with which this lady talked to her footman. She had not been used to these manners in her father and mother, and she did not like them.

"Well," said Mrs. Tattle to Christo-

pher, who was now returned, "what is the news?"

"Ma'am, the little fellow with the squeaking voice has been telling me the whole story. The other morning, ma'am, early, he and the other were down the hill, sweeping in Paradise-row; those chimneys, they say, are difficult; and the square fellow, ma'am, the biggest of the two boys, got wedged in the chimney; the other little fellow was up at the top at the time, and he heard the cry, but in his fright, and all, he did not know what to do, ma'am, for he looked about from the top of the chimney, and not a soul could he see stirring, but a few that he could not make mind his screech; the boy within almost stifling too. So he screeched, and screeched, all he could; and by the greatest chance

in life, ma'am, old Mr. Eden was just going down the hill to fetch his morning walk."

"Aye," interrupted Mrs. Theresa, "friend Ephraim is one of your early risers."

"Well," said Marianne, impatiently.

"So, ma'am, hearing the screech, he turns and sees the sweep, and the moment he understands the matter——"

"I'm sure he must have taken some time to understand it," interposed Mrs. Tattle, "for he's the slowest creature breathing, and the deafest in company. Go on, Christopher. So the sweep did make him hear?"

"So he says, ma'am; and so the old gentleman went in, and pulled the boy out of the chimney, with much ado, ma'am."

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mrs. Theresa; "but did old Eden go up the chimney himself after the boy, wig and all?"

"Why, ma'am," said Christopher, with a look of great delight, "that was all as one, as the very 'dentical words I put to the boy myself, when he telled me his story. But, ma'am, that was what I couldn't get out of him neither, rightly, for he is a churl; the big boy, that was stuck in the chimney, I mean; for when I put the question to him about the wig, laughing-like, he wouldn't take it laughing-like at all, but would only make answer to us like a bear, 'He saved my life, that's all I know;'—and this over again, ma'am, to all the kitchen round, that cross-ques-

tioned him. So, when I finds him so stupid and ill-mannered like (for I offered him a shilling, ma'am, myself, to tell about the wig) but he put it back in a ways that did not become such as he, to no lady's butler, ma'am; whereupon I turns to the slim fellow, and he's smarterer, and more mannerly, ma'am, with a tongue in his head for his betters, but he could not resolve me my question neither, for he was up at the top of the chimney the best part o' the time; and when he came down, Mr. Eden had his wig on, but had his arm all bare and bloody, ma'am."

"Poor Mr. Eden!" exclaimed Marianne.

"O, miss," continued the servant, "and the chimney-sweep himself

was so bruised, and must have been killed."

"Well, well! but he's alive now; go on with your story, Christopher," said Mrs. T. "Chimney-sweepers get wedged in chimneys every day, it's part of their trade, and it's a happy thing when they come off with a few bruises. To be sure," added she, observing that both Frederick and Marianne looked displeased at this speech, "to be sure, if one may believe this story, there was some real danger."

"Real danger! yes, indeed," said Marianne; "and I'm sure I think Mr. Eden was very good."

"Certainly, it was a most commendable action, and quite providential; so I shall take an opportunity

of saying, when I tell the story in all companies; and the boy may thank his kind stars, I'm sure, to the end of his days, for such an escape.—— But, pray, Christopher," said she, persisting in her conversation with Christopher, who was now laying the cloth for supper,—" Pray which house was it in Paradise-row? where the Eagles or the Miss Ropers lodge? or which?"

" It was at my Lady Battersby's, ma'am."

" Ha! ha!" cried Mrs. Theresa, " I thought we should get to the bottom of the affair at last. This is excellent! This will make an admirable story for my Lady Battersby the next time I see her. These quakers are so sly!—Old Eden, I know, has

long wanted to get himself introduced in that house, and a charming charitable expedient he hit upon! My Lady Battersby will enjoy this of all things."

THE MIMIC.

CHAPTER III.

" Now," continued Mrs. Theresa, turning to Frederick, as soon as the servant had left the room, " now, Mr. Frederick Montague, I have a favour— such a favour, to ask of you—it's a favour which only you can grant; you have such talents, and would do the thing so admirably! and my Lady Battersby would quite adore you for it. She will do me the honour to be here to spend an evening to-morrow. I'm convinced Mr. and Mrs. Montague will find themselves obliged to stay out an-

other day; and I so long to show you off to her ladyship; and your Doctor Carbuncle, and your Counsellor Puff, and your Miss Croker, and all your charming characters. You must let me introduce you to her ladyship to-morrow evening. Promise me."

"O, ma'am," said Frederick, "I cannot promise you any such thing, indeed. I am much obliged to you; but I cannot come, indeed."

"Why not, my dear sir? Why not? You don't think I mean you should promise, if you are certain your papa and mamma will be home."

"If they do come home, I will ask them about it," said Frederick, hesitating; for though he by no means wished to accept of the invitation, he had not yet acquired the necessary power of saying NO, decidedly.

"Ask them!" repeated Mrs. Theresa, "my dear sir, at your age, must you ask your papa and mamma about such things?"

"Must! no, ma'am," said Frederick, "but I said I would; I know I need not, because my father and mother always let me judge for myself about every thing almost."

"And about this I am sure," cried Marianne; "papa and mamma, you know, just as they were going away, said, 'If Mrs. Theresa asks you to come, do as you think best.'"

"Well then," said Mrs. Theresa, "you know it rests with yourselves, if you may do as you please."

"To be sure I may, Madam," said Frederick, colouring from that species of emotion which is justly called false shame, and which often conquers real shame;

"to be sure, ma'am, I may do as I please."

"Then I may make sure of you," said Mrs. Theresa, "for now it would be downright rudeness, to tell a lady you won't do as she pleases. Mr. Frederick Montague, I'm sure, is too well bred a young gentleman, to do so impolite, so ungallant a thing!"

The jargon of politeness and gallantry is frequently brought by the silly acquaintance of young people to confuse their simple morality and clear good sense. A new and unintelligible system is presented to them, in a language foreign to their understanding, and contradictory to their feelings. They hesitate between new motives and old principles; from the fear of being thought ignorant, they become affected; and from the dread of being thought to be

children, act like fools. But all this they feel only when they are in the company of such people as Mrs. Theresa Tattle.

"Ma'am," Frederick began, "I don't mean to be rude; but I hope you'll excuse me from coming to drink tea with you to-morrow, because my father and mother are not acquainted with Lady Battersby, and may be they might not like——"

"Take care, take care," said Mrs. Theresa, laughing at his perplexity: "you want to get off from obliging me, and you don't know how. You had very nearly made a most shocking blunder, in putting it all upon poor Lady Battersby. Now you know it's impossible Mr. and Mrs. Montague could have in nature the slightest objection to my introducing you to my Lady Bat-

tersby at my own house; for don't you know, that, besides her ladyship's many unexceptionable qualities, which one need not talk of, she is cousin, but once removed, to the Trotters of Lancashire, your mother's great favourites? And there is not a person at the Wells, I'll venture to say, could be of more advantage to your sister Sophy, in the way of partners, when she comes to go to the balls, which it's to be supposed she will some time or other; and as you are so good a brother, that's a thing to be looked to, you know. Besides, as to yourself, there's nothing her ladyship delights in so much as in a good mimic; and she'll quite adore you!"

"But I don't want her to adore me, ma'am," said Frederick, bluntly; then, correcting himself, added, "I mean for being a mimic."

"Why not, my love? Between friends can there be any harm in showing one's talents, you that have such talents to show? She'll keep your secret, I'll answer for her; and," added she, "you needn't be afraid of her criticism; for, between you and I, she's no great critic; so you'll come. Well, thank you, that's settled. How you have made me beg and pray! but you know your own value, I see, as you entertaining people always do. One must ask a wit, like a fine singer, so often! Well, but now for the favour I was going to ask you."

Frederick looked surprised; for he thought, that the favour of his company was what she meant; but she explained herself farther.

"The old quaker who lodges above, old Ephraim Eden, my Lady Battersby

and I have so much diversion about him; he is the best character, the oddest creature! If you were but to see him come into the rooms with those stiff skirts, or walking with his eternal sister Birtha, and his everlasting broad-brimmed hat, one knows him a mile off! But then his voice, and way, and all together, if one could get them to the life, they'd be better than any thing on the stage; better even than any thing I've seen to-night; and I think you'd make a capital quaker for my Lady Battersby; but then the thing is, one can never get to hear the old quiz talk. Now you who have so much invention and cleverness; I have no invention myself, but could not you hit upon some way of getting to see him, so that you might get him by heart? I'm sure you, who are so quick, would only want to see him, and

hear him for half a minute, to be able to take him off, so as to kill one with laughing. But I have no invention."

"O, as to the invention," said Frederick, "I know an admirable way of doing the thing, if that was all. But then remember, I don't say I will do the thing, for I will not. But I know a way of getting up into his room, and seeing him, without his knowing I was there."

"O tell it me, you charming, clever creature!"

"But remember, I do not say I will do it."

"Well, well, let us hear it, and you shall do as you please afterwards."

"Merciful goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Tattle, "do my ears deceive me? I declare I looked round, and thought the squeaking chimney-sweeper was in the room."

"So did I, Frederick, I declare," cried Marianne, laughing: "I never heard any thing so like his voice in my life."

Frederick imitated the squeaking voice of this chimney-sweeper to great perfection.

"Now," continued he, "this fellow is just my height; the old quaker, if my face were blackened, and if I were to change clothes with the chimney-sweeper, I'll answer for it, would never know me."

"O, it's an admirable invention! I give you infinite credit for it!" exclaimed Mrs. Theresa. "It shall, it must be done: I'll ring, and have the fellow up this minute."

"O, no; do not ring," said Frederick, stopping her hand, "I don't mean to do it. You know you pro-

mised that I should do as I pleased; I only told you my invention."

"Well, well, but only let me ring, and ask whether the chimney-sweepers are below; you shall do as you please afterwards."

"Christopher, shut the door; Christopher," said she to the servant, who came up when she rang, "pray are the sweeps gone yet?"

"No, ma'am."

"But have they been up to old Eden yet?"

"O, no, ma'am; nor be not to go till the bell rings; for Miss Birtha, ma'am, was asleep, laying down, and her brother wouldn't have her wakened on no account whatsomever; he came down his self to the kitchen to the sweeps though; but wouldn't have, as I heard him say, his sister waked for

no account. But Miss Birtha's bell will ring, when she wakens, for the sweeps, ma'am: 'twas she wanted to see the boy as her brother saved, and I suppose sent for 'em to give 'em something charitable, ma'am."

"Well, never mind your suppositions," said Mrs. Theresa, "run down this very minute to the little squeaking chimney-sweep, and send him up to me. Quick, but don't let the other bear come up with him."

Christopher, who had curiosity as well as his mistress, when he returned with the chimney-sweeper, prolonged his own stay in the room, by sweeping the hearth, throwing down the tongs and shovel, and picking them up again.

"That will do, Christopher; Christopher, that will do, I say," Mrs. Theresa repeated in vain. She was obliged

to say, "Christopher, you may go," before he would depart.

"Now," said she to Frederick, "step in here to the next room with this candle, and you'll be equipped in an instant. Only just change clothes with the boy; only just let me see what a charming chimney-sweeper you'd make; you shall do as you please afterwards."

"Well, I'll only change clothes with him, just to show you for one minute."

"But," said Marianne to Mrs. Theresa, whilst Frederick was changing his clothes, "I think Frederick is right about——"

"About what—love?"

"I think he is in the right not to go up, though he can do it so easily, to see that gentleman, I mean on purpose

to mimic and laugh at him afterwards; I don't think that would be quite right."

"Why, pray, Miss Marianne?"

"Why, because he is so good-natured to his sister. He would not let her be wakened."

"Dear, it's easy to be good in such little things; and he won't have long to be good to her neither: for I don't think she'll trouble him long in this world any how."

"What do you mean?" said Marianne.

"That she'll die, child."

"Die! die with that beautiful colour in her cheeks! How sorry her poor, poor brother will be! But she will not die, I'm sure, for she walks about, and runs up stairs so lightly!

O you must be quite entirely mistaken, I hope."

"If I'm mistaken, Dr. Panado Cardamum's mistaken too then, that's my comfort. He says, unless the waters work a miracle, she stands a bad chance; and she won't follow my advice, and consult the doctor for her health."

"He would frighten her to death, perhaps," said Marianne. "I hope Frederick won't go up to disturb her."

"Lud, child, you are turned simpleton all of a sudden, how can your brother disturb her more than the real chimney-sweeper?"

"But I don't think it's right," persisted Marianne, "and I shall tell him so."

"Nay, Miss Marianne, I don't commend you now; young ladies should not be so forward to give opinions

and advice to their elder brothers unasked; and Mr. Frederick and I, I presume, must know what's right, as well as Miss Marianne. Hush! here he is!—O the capital figure!" cried Mrs. Theresa.—"Bravo! Bravo!" cried she, as Frederick entered in the chimney-sweeper's dress; and as he spoke, saying,

"I'm afraid, please your ladyship, to dirty your ladyship's carpet."

She broke out into immoderate raptures, calling him "her charming chimney-sweeper!" and repeating, that she knew before-hand the character would do for him.

She instantly rang the bell in spite of all expostulation—ordered Christopher to send up the other chimney-sweeper—triumphed in observing, that Christopher did not in the least know Fre-

derick, when he came into the room; and offered to lay any wager that the other chimney-sweeper would mistake him for his companion.—And so he did; and when Frederick spoke, the voice was so very like, that it was scarcely possible that he should have perceived the difference.

Marianne was diverted by this scene; but she started, when in the midst of it they heard a bell ring.

"That's the lady's bell, and we must go," said the blunt chimney-sweeper.

"Go, then, about your business, and here's a shilling for you to drink, my honest fellow. I did not know you were so much bruised when I first saw you—I won't detain you. Go," said she, pushing Frederick towards the door.

Marianne sprang forward to speak to him; but Mrs. Theresa kept her off,

and though Frederick resisted, the lady shut the door upon him by superior force; and having locked it, there was no retreat.

Mrs. Tattle and Marianne waited impatiently for Frederick's return.

"I hear them," cried Marianne, "I hear them coming down stairs."

They listened again, and all was silent.

At length they heard suddenly a great noise of many steps, and many voices in confusion in the hall.

"Merciful!" exclaimed Mrs. Theresa, "it must be your father and mother come back."

Marianne ran to unlock the room door, and Mrs. Theresa followed her into the hall.

The hall was rather dark, but under the lamp a crowd of people. All the

servants in the house were gathered together.

As Mrs. Theresa approached, the crowd opened in silence, and she beheld in the midst Frederick, blood streaming from his face; his head was held by Christopher, and the chimney-sweeper was holding a basin for him.

"Merciful! what will become of me?" exclaimed Mrs. Theresa. "Bleeding! he'll bleed to death! Can nobody think of any thing that will stop blood in a minute? A key, a large key down his back; a key—has nobody a key? Mr. and Mrs. Montague will be here before he has done bleeding. A key! cobwebs! a puff-ball! for mercy's sake! Can nobody think of any thing that will stop blood in a minute? Gracious me! he'll bleed to death, I believe."

"He'll bleed to death! O my bro-

ther!" cried Marianne, catching hold of the words; and terrified, she ran up stairs, crying, "Sophy, O Sophy!—come down this minute, or he'll be dead! my brother's bleeding to death, Sophy! Sophy! come down, or he'll be dead!"

"Let go the basin, you," said Christopher, pulling the basin out of the chimney-sweeper's hand, who had all this time stood in silence, "you are not fit to hold the basin for a gentleman."

"Let him hold it," said Frederick, "he did not mean to hurt me."

"That's more than he deserves. I'm certain sure he might have known well enough it was Mr. Frederick all the time, and he'd no business to go to fight—such a one as he—with a gentleman."

"I did not know he was a gentleman," said the chimney-sweeper; "how could I?"

"How could he, indeed?" said Frederick; "he shall hold the basin."

"Gracious me! I'm glad to hear him speak like himself again, at any rate," cried Mrs. Theresa. "And here comes Miss Sophy too."

"Sophy!" cried Frederick. "O, Sophy! don't you come—don't look at me, you'll despise me."

"My brother!—where? where?" said Sophy, looking, as she thought, at the two chimney-sweepers.

"It's Frederick," said Marianne, "that's my brother."

"Miss Sophy, don't be alarmed," Mrs. Theresa began, "but gracious goodness, I wish Miss Birtha——"

At this instant a female figure in white

appeared upon the stairs; she passed swiftly on, whilst every one gave way before her.

"O, Miss Birtha!" cried Mrs. Theresa, catching hold of her gown to stop her, as she came near Frederick. "O, Miss Eden, your beautiful India muslin! take care of the chimney-sweeper, for heaven's sake."—But she pressed forwards.

"It's my brother; will he die?" cried Marianne, throwing her arms round her, and looking up as if to a being of a superior order; "Will he bleed to death?"

"No, my love!" answered a sweet voice; "do not frighten thyself."

"I've done bleeding," said Frederick.

"Dear me, Miss Marianne, if you would not make such a rout," cried

Mrs. Tattle. "Miss Birtha, it's nothing but a frolic. You see Mr. Frederick Montague only in a masquerade dress. Nothing in the world but a frolic, ma'am. You see he stops bleeding. I was frightened out of my wits at first; I thought it was his eye, but I see it is only his nose; all's well that ends well. Mr. Frederick, we'll keep your counsel. Pray, ma'am, let us ask no questions, it's only a boyish frolic. Come, Mr. Frederick, this way, into my room, and I'll give you a towel, and some clean water, and you can get rid of this masquerade dress. Make haste, for fear your father and mother should pop in upon us."

"Do not be afraid of thy father and mother, they are surely thy best friends," said a mild voice. It was the voice of

an elderly gentleman, who now stood behind Frederick.

"O, sir! O, Mr. Eden!" said Frederick, turning to him.

"Don't betray me! for goodness sake, say nothing about me," whispered Mrs. Tattle.

"I am not thinking about you—Let me speak," cried he, pushing away her hand which stopped his mouth, "I shall say nothing about you, I promise you," said Frederick, with a look of contempt.

"No, but for your own sake, my dear sir, your papa and mamma! Bless me! is not that Mrs. Montague's carriage?"

"My brother, ma'am," said Sophy, "is not afraid of my father and mother's coming back. Let him speak—he was going to speak the truth."

"To be sure, Miss Sophy, I wouldn't

hinder him from speaking the truth; but it's not proper, I presume, ma'am, to speak truth at all times, and in all places, and before every body, servants and all. I only wanted, ma'am, to hinder your brother from exposing himself. A hall, I apprehend, is not a proper place for explanations."

"Here," said Mr. Eden, opening the door of his room, which was on the opposite side of the hall to Mrs. Tattle's, "Here is a place," said he to Frederick, "where thou mayst speak the truth at all times, and before every body."

"Nay, my room's at Mr. Frederick Montague's service, and my door's open too. This way, pray," said she, pulling his arm.

But Frederick broke from her, and followed Mr. Eden.

"O, sir, will you forgive me?" cried he.

"Forgive thee!—and what have I to forgive?"

"Forgive, brother, without asking what," said Birtha, smiling.

"He shall know all!" cried Frederick; "all that concerns myself, I mean. Sir, I disguised myself in this dress; I came up to your room to-night on purpose to see you, without your knowing it, that I might mimic you. The chimney-sweeper, where is he?" said Frederick, looking round, and he ran into the hall to see for him—"May he come in? he may—he is a brave, an honest, good, grateful boy. He never guessed who I was; after we left you, we went down to the kitchen together, and there I, fool that I was, for the pleasure of making Mr. Christopher and the ser-

vants laugh, began to mimic you. This boy said, he would not stand by and hear you laughed at;—that you had saved his life; that I ought to be ashamed of myself;—that you had just given me half-a-crown;—and so you had:—but I went on, and told him, I'd knock him down, if he said another word.—He did; I gave the first blow—we fought—I came to the ground—the servants pulled me up again.—They found out, I don't know how, that I was not a chimney-sweeper—the rest you saw. And now can you forgive me, sir?" said Frederick to Mr. Eden, seizing hold of his hand.

"The other hand, friend," said the quaker, gently withdrawing his right hand, which every body now observed was much swelled, and putting it into his bosom again—"This and welcome,"

offering his other hand to Frederick, and shaking his with a smile.

"O that other hand!" said Frederick, "that was hurt, I remember,—How ill I have behaved—extremely ill. But this is a lesson that I shall never forget as long as I live. I hope for the future I shall behave like a gentleman."

"And like a man—and like a good man, I am sure thou wilt," said the good quaker, shaking Frederick's hand affectionately, "or I am much mistaken, friend, in that black countenance."

"You are not mistaken," cried Marianne; "Frederick will never be persuaded again by any body, to do what he does not think right; and, now, brother, you may wash your black countenance."

Just when Frederick had gotten rid of

half his black countenance, a double knock was heard at the door. It was Mr. and Mrs. Montague.

"What will you do now?" whispered Mrs. Theresa to Frederick, as his father and mother came into the room.

"A chimney-sweeper! covered with blood!" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Montague.

"Father, I am Frederick," said he, stepping forward towards them, as they stood in astonishment.

"Frederick! my son!"

"Yes, mother, I'm not hurt half so much as I deserve; I'll tell you——"

"Nay," interrupted Birtha, "let my brother tell the story this time,—thou hast told it once, and told it well—no one but my brother could tell it better."

"A story never tells so well the second

time, to be sure," said Mrs. Theresa, "but Mr. Eden will certainly make the best of it."

Without taking any notice of Mrs. Tattle, or her apprehensive looks, Mr. Eden explained all that he knew of the affair in a few words. "Your son," concluded he, "will quickly put off this dirty dress—the dress hath not stained the mind—that is fair and honourable. When he felt himself in the wrong, he said so; nor was he in haste to conceal his adventure from his father; this made me think well of both father and son.—I speak plainly, friend, for that is best. But what is become of the other chimney-sweeper? he will want to go home," said Mr. Eden, turning to Mrs. Theresa.

Without making any reply, she hurried out of the room as fast as possible,

and returned in a few moments, with a look of extreme consternation.

"Here is a catastrophe, indeed!—now indeed, Mr. Frederick, your papa and mamma have reason to be angry. A new suit of clothes!—the bare-faced villain!—gone—no sign of them in my closet, or any where—the door was locked—he must have gone up the chimney, out upon the leads, and so escaped; but Christopher is after him. I protest, Mrs. Montague, you take it too quietly.—The wretch!—a new suit of clothes, blue coat and buff waistcoat. —I never heard of such a thing!—I declare, Mr. Montague, you are vastly good now, not to be in a passion," added Mrs. Theresa.

"Madam," replied Mr. Montague, with a look of much civil contempt, "I think the loss of a suit of clothes, and

even the disgrace that my son has been brought to this evening, fortunate circumstances in his education. He will, I am persuaded, judge and act for himself more wisely in future; nor will he be tempted to offend against humanity, for the sake of being called, "The best mimic in the world."

MADEMOISELLE PANACHE.

PART I.

Mrs. Temple had two daughters, Emma and Helen; she had taken a great deal of care of their education, and they were very fond of their mother, and particularly happy whenever she had leisure to converse with them: they used to tell her every thing that they thought and felt; so that she had it in her power early to correct, or rather to teach them to correct, any little faults in their disposition, and to rectify those errors of judgment, to which young people, from want of experience, are so liable.

Mrs. Temple lived in the country, and her society was composed of a few intimate friends; she wished, especially during the education of her children, to avoid the numerous inconveniences of what is called an extensive acquaintance. However, as her children grew older, it was necessary, that they should be accustomed to see a variety of characters, and still more necessary, that they should learn to judge of them. There was little danger of Emma's being hurt by the first impressions of new faces and new ideas: but Helen, of a more vivacious temper, had not yet acquired her sister's good sense. We must observe that Helen was a little disposed to be fond of novelty, and sometimes formed a prodigiously high opinion of persons whom she had seen but

for a few hours. "Not to admire," was an art which she had to learn.

When Helen was between eleven and twelve years old, Lady S*** returned from abroad, and came to reside at her country seat, which was very near Mrs. Temple's. The lady had a daughter, Lady Augusta, who was a little older than Helen. One morning a fine coach drove to the door, and Lady S*** and her daughter were announced.—We shall not say any thing at present of either of the ladies, except that Helen was much delighted with them, and talked of nothing else to her sister all the rest of the day.

The next morning, as these two sisters were sitting at work in their mother's dressing-room, the following conversation began:

"Sister, do you like pink or blue the best?" said Helen.

"I don't know; blue, I think."

"O blue to be sure. Mother which do you like best?"

"Why 'tis a question of such importance, I must have time to deliberate; I am afraid I like pink the best."

"Pink! dear, that's very odd!—But, mamma, did'nt you think yesterday, that Lady Augusta's sash was a remarkably pretty pale blue?"

"Yes; I thought it was very pretty; but as I have seen a great many such sashes, I did not think it was any thing very remarkable."

"Well, perhaps it was not remarkably pretty; but you'll allow, ma'am, that it was very well put on."

"It was put on as other sashes are, as well as I remember."

"I like Lady Augusta exceedingly, mother."

"What! because she has a blue sash?"

"No, I'm not quite so silly as that," said Helen, laughing; "not because she has a blue sash."

"Why then did you like her?—because it was well put on?"

"O, no, no."

"Why then?"

"Why! mamma, why do you ask why?—I can't tell why.—You know one often likes and dislikes people at first without exactly knowing why."

"One! whom do you mean by one?"

"Myself, and every body."

"You, perhaps, but not every body;

for only silly people like and dislike without any reason."

"But I hope I'm not one of the silly people; I only meant, that I had no thought about it: I dare say, if I were to think about it, I should be able to give you a great many reasons."

"I shall be contented with one good one, Helen."

"Well then, ma'am, in the first place, I liked her because she was so good-humoured."

"You saw her but for one half hour. Are you sure, that she is good-humoured?"

"No, ma'am! but I'm sure she looked very good-humoured."

"That's another affair; however, I acknowledge it is reasonable, to feel disposed to like any one, who has a good-

humoured countenance, because the temper has, I believe, a very strong influence upon certain muscles of the face; and, Helen, though you are no great physiognomist, we will take it for granted, that you were not mistaken; now I did not think Lady Augusta had a remarkably good-tempered countenance, but I hope that I am mistaken. Was this your only reason for liking her exceedingly?"

"No, not my only reason; I liked her —— because —— because —— indeed, ma'am," said Helen, growing a little impatient at finding herself unable to arrange her own ideas, "indeed, ma'am, I don't just remember any thing in particular, but I know I thought her very agreeable altogether."

"Saying that you think a person very agreeable *altogether*, may be a common mode of expression; but I am

obliged to inform you, that it is no reason, nor do I exactly comprehend what it means, unless it means, in other words, that you don't choose to be at the trouble of thinking. I am sadly afraid, Helen, that you must be content at last, to be ranked among the silly ones, who like and dislike without knowing why. —Hey, Helen?"

"O no, indeed, mother," said Helen, putting down her work.

"My dear, I am sorry to distress you; but what are become of the *great many* good reasons?"

"O, I have them still; but then I'm afraid to tell them, because Emma will laugh at me."

"No, indeed, I won't laugh," said Emma—"besides, if you please, I can go away."

"No, no, sit still; I will tell them

directly.—Why, mother, you know, before we saw Lady Augusta, every body told us how pretty, and accomplished, and agreeable she was."

"Every body!—nobody that I remember," said Emma, "but Mrs. H. and Miss K."

"O, indeed, sister, and Lady M. too."

"Well, and Lady M., that makes three."

"But are three people every body?"

"No, to be sure," said Helen, a little disconcerted; "but you promised not to laugh at me, Emma.—However, mother, without joking, I am sure Lady Augusta is very accomplished at least. Do you know, ma'am, she has a French governess? But I forget her name."

"Never mind her name, it is little to the purpose."

"O, but I recollect it now; Mademoiselle Panache."

"Why undoubtedly Lady Augusta's having a French governess, and her name being Mademoiselle Panache, are incontrovertible proofs of the excellence of her education. But I think you said you were sure that she was very accomplished; what do you mean by accomplished?"

"Why, that she dances extremely well, and that she speaks French and Italian, and that she draws exceedingly well indeed; takes likenesses, mamma! likenesses in miniature, mother!"

"You saw them, I suppose?"

"Saw them! No, I did not see them, but I heard of them."

"That's a singular method of judging of pictures."

"But, however, she certainly plays

extremely well upon the piano-forte, and understands music perfectly. I have a particular reason for knowing this, however."

"You did not hear her play?"

"No; but I saw an Italian song written in her own hand, and she told me, she set it to music herself."

"You saw her music, and heard her drawings;—excellent proofs!—Well, but her dancing?"

"Why, she told me the name of her dancing-master, and it sounded like a foreign name."

"So, I suppose, he must be a good one," said Emma, laughing.

"But, seriously, I do believe she is sensible."

"Well: your cause of belief?"

"Why, I asked her if she had read much history, and she answered, '*a*

little;' but I saw by her look, she meant *a great deal*. Nay, Emma! you are laughing now; I saw you smile."

"Forgive her, Helen, indeed it was very difficult to help it," said Mrs. Temple.

"Well, mother," said Helen, "I believe I have been a little hasty in my judgment, and all my good reasons are reduced to nothing: I dare say all this time Lady Augusta is very ignorant, and very ill-natured."

"Nay; now you are going into the opposite extreme: it is possible, she may have all the accomplishments, and good qualities, which you first imagined her to have: I only meant to show you, that you had no proofs of them hitherto."

"But surely, mother, it would be but good-natured, to believe a stranger

to be amiable and sensible, when we know nothing to the contrary: strangers may be as good as the people we have known all our lives; so it would be very hard upon them, and very silly in us too, if we were to take it for granted, they were every thing that was bad, merely because they were strangers."

"You do not yet reason with perfect accuracy, Helen: is there no difference between thinking people every thing that is good and amiable, and taking it for granted that they are every thing that is bad?"

"But then, mother, what can one do?—To be always doubting and doubting is very disagreeable: and at first, when one knows nothing of a person, how can we judge?"

"There is no necessity, that I can perceive, for your judging of people's

characters the very instant they come into a room, which I suppose is what you mean by 'at first.' And though it be disagreeable, to be always 'doubting and doubting,' yet it is what we must submit to patiently, Helen, unless we would submit to the consequences of deciding ill; which, let me assure you, my little daughter, are infinitely more disagreeable."

"Then," said Helen, "I had better doubt and doubt a little longer, mother, about Lady Augusta."

Here the conversation ended. A few days afterwards Lady Augusta came with her mother, to dine at Mrs. Temple's. For the first hour Helen kept her resolution, and with some difficulty maintained her mind in the painful, philosophic state of doubt; but the second hour Helen thought, that it would be unjust

to doubt any longer; especially as Lady Augusta had just shown her a French pocket-fan, and at the very same time observed to Emma, that her sister's hair was a true auburn colour.

In the evening, after they had returned from a walk, they went into Mrs. Temple's dressing room, to look at a certain black-japanned cabinet, in which Helen kept some dried specimens of plants, and other curious things. Half the drawers in this cabinet were hers, and the other half her sister's. Now Emma, though she was sufficiently obliging and polite towards her new acquaintance, was by no means enchanted with her; nor did she feel the least disposition, suddenly to contract a friendship with a person she had seen but for a few hours. This reserve, Helen thought, showed some want of feeling,

and seemed determined to make amends for it by the warmth and frankness of her own manners. She opened all the drawers of the cabinet; and whilst Lady Augusta looked and admired, Helen watched her eye, as Aboulcasem, in the Persian Tales, watched the eye of the stranger, to whom he was displaying his treasures. Helen, it seems, had read the story, which had left a deep impression upon her imagination; and she had long determined, on the first convenient opportunity, to imitate the conduct of the "generous Persian." Immediately, therefore, upon observing that any thing struck her guest's fancy, she withdrew it, and secretly set it apart for her, as Aboulcasem set apart the slave, and the cup, and the peacock. At night, when Lady Augusta was preparing to depart, Helen slipped out of

the room, packed up the things, and, as Aboulcasem wrote a scroll with his presents, she thought it necessary to accompany hers with a billet. All this being accomplished with much celerity, and some trepidation, she hurried down stairs, gave her packet to one of the servants, and saw it lodged in Lady S***'s coach.

When the visit was ended, and Helen and Emma had retired to their own room at night, they began to talk instead of going to sleep.—"Well, sister," said Helen, "and what did you give to Lady Augusta?"

"I! nothing."

"Nothing!" repeated Helen, in a triumphant tone; "then she will not think you very generous."

"I do not want her to think me very generous," said Emma, laughing;—

"neither do I think, that giving of presents to strangers is always a proof of generosity."

"Strangers or no strangers, that makes no difference; for surely a person's giving away any thing that they like themselves, is a pretty certain proof, Emma, of their generosity."

"Not quite so certain," replied Emma; "at least I mean as far as I can judge of my own mind; I know I have sometimes given things away, that I liked myself, merely because I was ashamed to refuse; now I should not call that generosity, but weakness; and besides, I think it does make a great deal of difference, Helen, whether you mean to speak of strangers or friends. I am sure, at this instant, if there is any thing of mine in that black cabinet that you wish for, Helen, I'll give it you with the greatest pleasure."

"And not to Lady Augusta?"

"No; I could not do both; and do you think I would make no distinction between a person I have lived with and loved for years, and a stranger, whom I know and care very little about?"

Helen was touched by this speech, especially as she entirely believed her sister; for Emma was not one who made sentimental speeches.

A short time after this visit, Mrs. Temple took her two daughters with her, to dine at Lady S***'s. As they happened to go rather earlier than usual, they found nobody in the drawing-room but the French governess, Mademoiselle Panache. Helen, it seems, had conceived a very sublime idea of a French governess; and when she first came into the room, she looked up to

Mademoiselle Panache with a mixture of awe and admiration. Mademoiselle was not much troubled with any of that awkward reserve, which seems in England sometimes to keep strangers at bay for the first quarter of an hour of their acquaintance. She could not, it is true, speak English very fluently, but this only increased her desire to speak it; and between two languages she found means, with some difficulty, to express herself. The conversation, after the usual preliminary nothings had been gone over, turned upon France, and French literature; Mrs. Temple said she was going to purchase some French books for her daughters, and very politely begged to know what authors Mademoiselle would particularly recommend. "*Vat auteurs!* you do me

much honour, madame—*Vat auteurs!* why, *Mesdemoiselles, there's Telemaque and Belisaire.*"

Helen and Emma had read Telemaque and Belisaire, so Mademoiselle was obliged to think again—"*Attendez!*" cried she, putting up her fore finger in an attitude of recollection. But the result of all her recollection was still "*Belisaire*" and "*Telemaque;*" and an *Abbé's* book, whose name she could not remember, though she remembered perfectly well, that the *vork* was published, "*l'an mille six cents quatre vingts dix.*"

Helen could scarcely forbear smiling, so much was her awe and admiration of a French governess abated. Mrs. Temple, to relieve Mademoiselle from the perplexity of searching for the Abbé's name, and to avoid the hazard of going out of

her circle of French literature, mentioned Gil Blas; and observed, that, though it was a book universally put into the hands of very young people, she thought Mademoiselle judged well in preferring——

"O!" interrupted Mademoiselle, "*Je me trouve bien heureuse*—I am quite happy, madame, to be of your way of *tinking*—I would never go to choose to put Gil Blas into no pupil's of mine's hands, until they were perfectly mistress of *de ideome de la langue*."

It was not the idiom, but the morality of the book to which Mrs. Temple had alluded; but that, it was very plain, occupied no part of Mademoiselle Panache's attention; her object was solely to teach her pupil French. "*Mais pour Miladi Augusta*," cried she, "*c'est vraiment un petit prodige !*—You ma-

dame, you are a judge.—*On le voit bien. You know how much difficile it be, to compose French poesie, because of de rhymes, de masculin, feminine, de neutre genre of noun substantive and adjective, all to be consider in spite of de sense in our rhymes.—Je ne m'explique pas.—Mais enfin—de natives themselves very few come to write passably in poesie; except it be your great poets by profession. Cependant, madame, Miladi Augusta, I speak de truth, not one word of lies, Miladi Augusta write poesie just the same with prose.—Veritablement comme un ange! Et puis,*" continued Mademoiselle Panache——

But she was interrupted by the entrance of the "little angel" and her mother. Lady Augusta wore a rose-coloured sash to-day, and Helen no longer preferred blue to pink. Not

long after they were seated, Lady S*** observed, that her daughter's face was burned by being opposite to the fire; and, after betraying some symptoms of anxiety, cried—"Mademoiselle, why will you always let Augusta sit so near the fire? My dear, how can you bear to burn your face so? Do be so good, for my sake, to take a screen."

"There is no screen in the room, ma'am, I believe," said the young lady, moving, or seeming to move, her chair three quarters of an inch backwards.

"No screen!" said Lady S***, looking round; "I thought, Mademoiselle, your screens were finished."

"*Oh oui, madame, dey be finish; but I forget to make dem come down stairs.*"

"I hate embroidered screens," ob-

served Lady S***, turning away her head; "for one is always afraid to use them."

Mademoiselle immediately rose to fetch one of hers.

"*Ne vous derangez pas, Mademoiselle,*" said Lady S***, carelessly.—And whilst she was out of the room, turning to Mrs. Temple, "Have you a French governess?" said she; "I think you told me not."

"No," said Mrs. Temple, "I have no thoughts of any governess for my daughters."

"Why, indeed, I don't know but you are quite right, for they are sad plagues to have in one's house; besides, I believe too, in general, they are a sad set of people. But what can one do, you know? One must submit to all

that; for they tell me there's no other way of securing to one's children a good French pronunciation.—How will you manage about that?"

"Helen and Emma," said Mrs. Temple, "read and understand French as well as I could wish, and if ever they go to France, I hope they will be able to catch the accent, as I have never suffered them to acquire any fixed bad habits of speaking it."

"O," said Lady S***, "*bad habits* are what I dread of all things for Augusta: I assure you I was particularly nice about the choice of a governess for her; so many of these sort of people come over here from Switzerland, or the French provinces, and speak a horrid jargon.—It's very difficult to meet with a person you could entirely depend upon."

"Very difficult, indeed," said Mrs. Temple.

"However," continued her ladyship, "I think myself most exceedingly fortunate; I am absolutely certain, that Mademoiselle Panache comes from Paris, and was born and educated there; so I feel quite at ease; and as to the rest," said she, lowering her voice, but only lowering it sufficiently, to fix Lady Augusta's attention—"as to the rest, I shall part with her when my daughter is a year or two older; so you know she can do no great harm. Besides," said she, speaking louder, "I really have great confidence in her, and Augusta and she seem to agree vastly well."

"O yes," said Lady Augusta, "Mademoiselle is exceedingly good-natured; I am sure I like her vastly."

"Well, that's the chief thing: I

would work upon a child's sensibility; that's my notion of education," said Lady S*** to Mrs. Temple, affecting a sweet smile.—"Take care of the heart at any rate—there I'm sure, at least, I may depend on Mademoiselle Panache, for she is the best creature in the world! I've the highest opinion of her: not that I would trust my own judgment, but she was most exceedingly well recommended to me."

Mademoiselle Panache came into the room again, just as Lady S*** finished her last sentence; she brought one of her own worked screens in her hand. Helen looked at Lady Augusta, expecting that she would at least have gone to meet her governess; but the young lady never offered to rise from her seat; and when poor Mademoiselle presented the screen to her, she received it with

the utmost *nonchalance*, only interrupting her conversation by a slight bow of the head. Helen and Emma looked down, feeling bôth ashamed and shocked at manners which they could neither think kind nor polite.

However, it was no wonder, that the pupil should not be scrupulously respectful towards a governess whom her mother treated like a waiting-maid.

More carriages now came to the door, and the room was soon filled with company. The young ladies dined at the side-table with Mademoiselle Panache; and during dinner Emma and Helen quite won her heart.—"*Voilà des demoiselles des plus polies!*" she said with emphasis; and it is true, that they were particularly careful to treat her with the greatest attention and respect, not only from their general habits of good breed-

ing, and from a sense of propriety, but from a feeling of pity and generosity; they could not bear to think, that a person should be treated with neglect or insolence, merely because her situation and rank happened to be inferior.

Mademoiselle, pleased with their manners, was particularly officious in entertaining them; and when the rest of the company sat down to cards, she offered to show them the house, which was large and magnificent.

Helen and Emma were very glad to be relieved from their seats beside the card-table, and from perpetually hearing of trumps, odd tricks, and honours; so that they eagerly accepted Mademoiselle's proposal.

The last room which they went into was Lady Augusta's apartment, in which her writing-desk, her drawing-box, and

her piano-forte stood. It was very elegantly furnished; and at one end was a handsome bookcase, which immediately attracted Helen and Emma's attention. Not Lady Augusta's; her attention, the moment she came into the room, was attracted by a hat, which Mademoiselle had been making up in the morning, and which lay half-finished upon the sofa. "Well, really this is elegant!" said she; "certainly, Mademoiselle, you have the best taste in the world!—Is n't it a beautiful hat?" said she, appealing to Helen and Emma.

"O, yes," replied Helen instantly; for as she was no great judge, she was afraid to hazard her opinion, and thought it safest to acquiesce in Lady Augusta's. Emma, on the contrary, who did not think the hat particularly pretty, and who dared to think for herself, was

silent. And certainly it requires no common share of strength of mind, to dare to think for one's self about a hat.

In the mean time Mademoiselle put the finishing stroke to her work; and observing that the colour of the ribbon would become Helen's complexion—"*Marveilleusement! Permittez, Mademoiselle,*" said she, putting it lightly upon her head—"*Qu'elle est charmante! Qu'elle est bien comme ça!—Quite another ting! Mademoiselle Helen est charmante!*" cried the governess with enthusiasm; and her pupil echoed her exclamations with equal enthusiasm, till Helen would absolutely have been persuaded, that some sudden metamorphosis had taken place in her appearance, if her sister's composure had not happily preserved her in her sober senses. She could not, however, help feeling a sensi-

ble diminution of merit and happiness, when the hat was lifted off her head.

"What a very pretty coloured ribband!" said she.

"That's pistachio colour," said Lady Augusta.

"Pistachio colour!" repeated Helen, with admiration.

"Pistachio colour," repeated her sister coolly; "I did not know that was the name of the colour."

"*Bon Dieu!*" said Mademoiselle, lifting up her hands and eyes to heaven; "*Bon Dieu! not know de pistachea colour!*"

Emma, neither humbled nor shocked at her own ignorance, simply said to herself, "Surely it is no crime, not to know *a name.*" But Mademoiselle's abhorrent and amazed look produced a very different effect upon Helen's imagina-

tion; she felt all the anguish of false shame, that dangerous infirmity of weak minds.

"*Bon!*" said Mademoiselle Panache to herself, observing the impression which she made: "*Voila un bon sujet au moins.*" And she proceeded with more officiousness perhaps than politeness, to reform certain minutiæ in Helen's dress, which were not precisely adjusted according to what she called *the mode:* she having the misfortune to be possessed of that intolerant spirit, which admits but of one mode; a spirit, which is common to all persons who have seen but little of the world, or of good company; and who, consequently, cannot conceive the liberality of sentiment, upon all matters of taste and fashion, which distinguishes well-bred and well-educated people.

"*Pardonnez*, Mademoiselle Helen," said she; "*Permettez*"—altering things to her fancy—"*un petit plus—et un petit plus: oui, comme ça—comme ça—Bien!—Bien!—Ah non!—Cela est vilain—affreuse! Mais tenez, toujours comme ça; resouvenez vous bien, Mademoiselle—Ah bon! vous voilà mise à quatre épingles!*"

"*A quatre épingles!*" repeated Helen to herself. "Surely," thought Emma, "that is a vulgar expression; Mademoiselle is not as elegant in her taste for language as for dress." Indeed two or three technical expressions, which afterwards escaped from this lady, joined to the prodigious knowledge she displayed of the names, qualities, and value of ribands, gauzes, feathers, &c. had excited a strong suspicion in Emma's mind, that Mademoiselle Panache her-

self might possibly have had the honour to be a milliner.

The following incident sufficiently confirmed her suspicions:—Whilst Mademoiselle was dressing and undressing Helen, she regularly carried every pin which she took out to her mouth.

Helen did not perceive this manœuvre, it being performed with habitual celerity; but seeing that all the pins were vanished, she first glanced her eye upon the table, and then on the ground, and still not seeing her pins, she felt in her pocket for her pincushion, and presented it—"*J'en ai assez, bien obligée, Mademoiselle;*"—and from some secret receptacle in her mouth, she produced first one pin, then another, till Emma counted seventeen to her utter astonishment,—more, certainly, than any mouth could contain but a milliner's.

Unfortunately, however, in Mademoiselle's haste to speak, a pin and an exclamation, contending in her mouth, impeded her utterance, and put her in imminent denger of choking. They all looked frightened. "*Qu'avez vous donc!*" cried she, recovering herself with admirable dexterity, "*Qu'avez vous donc!—Ce n'est rien.—Ah si vous aviez vue Mademoiselle Alexandre!—Ah! dat would frighten you indeed!—Many de time I see her put one tirty, forty, fifty—aye one hundred, two hundred in her mouth—and she all de time laugh, talk, eat, drink, sleep wid dem, and no harm, nonobstant, never happen Mademoiselle Alexandre.*"

"And who is Mademoiselle Alexandre?" said Emma.

"*Eh donc!—fameuse merchande de*

modes—rue St. Honoré—rivale célèbre de Mademoiselle Baulara."

"Yes, I know!" said Lady Augusta, delighted to appear to know the name of two French milliners, without in the least suspecting that she had the honour to have a third for a governess.

Emma smiled, but was silent.—She fortunately possessed a sound discriminating understanding; observing and judging for herself, it was not easy to impose upon her by names and grimaces.

It was remarkable, that Mademoiselle Panache had never once attempted to alter any thing in Emma's dress, and directed very little of her conversation to her; seeming to have an intuitive perception, that she could make no impression; and Lady Augusta, too, treated

her with less familiarity, but with far more respect.

"*Dear* Helen," said Lady Augusta, for she seemed, to use her own expression, to have taken a great fancy to her; "dear Helen, I hope you are to be at the ball at the races."

"I don't know," said Helen; "I believe my mother intends to be there."

"*Et vous?*" said Mademoiselle Panache, "you, to be sure, I hope;—your mamma could not be so cruel, as to leave you at home! *une demoiselle faite comme vous!*"

Helen had been quite indifferent about going to the ball, till these words inspired her with a violent desire to go there, or rather with a violent dread of the misfortune and disgrace of being left "at home."

We shall, for fear of being tiresome,

omit a long conversation, which passed about the dress and necessary preparations for this ball. It is enough to say, that Helen was struck with despair at the idea, that her mother probably would not procure for her all the fine things which Lady Augusta had, and which Mademoiselle assured her were absolutely necessary to her being "presentable." In particular her ambition was excited by a splendid watch-chain of her ladyship's, which Lady Augusta assured her "there was no possibility of *living* without."

Emma, however, reflecting that she had lived all her life without even wishing for a watch-chain, was inclined to doubt the accuracy of her ladyship's assertion.

In the mean time poor Helen fell into a profound and somewhat painful re-

verie. She stood with the watch-chain in her hand, ruminating upon the vast, infinite number of things she wanted, to complete her happiness—things of which she had never thought before. Indeed, during the short time she had been in the company of Mademoiselle Panache, a new world seemed to have been opened to her imagination—new wants, new wishes, new notions of right and wrong, and a totally new idea of excellence and happiness had taken possession of her mind.

So much mischief may be done by a silly governess in a single quarter of an hour!—But we are yet to see more of the genius of Mademoiselle Panache for education. It happened, that, while the young ladies were busily talking together, she had gotten to the other end of the room, and was busily engaged at

a looking-glass, receding and advancing by turns, to decide the exact distance, at which rouge was liable to detection. Keeping her eye upon the mirror, she went backwards, and backwarder, till unluckily she chanced to set her foot upon Lady Augusta's favourite little dog, who instantly sent forth a piteous yell.

"Oh! my dog!—Oh! my dog!" exclaimed Lady Augusta, running to the dog, and taking it into her lap—"*Oh chère Fanfan!*—where is it hurt, my poor, dear, sweet, darling little creature?"

"*Chère Fanfan!*" cried Mademoiselle, kneeling down, and kissing the offended paw—"*pardonnez, Fanfan!*"—and they continued caressing and pitying Fanfan, so as to give Helen a very exalted opinion of their sensibility, and

to make her wiser sister doubt of its sincerity.

Longer would Fanfan have been deplored with all the pathos of feminine fondness, had not Mademoiselle suddenly shrieked, and started up. "What's the matter? — what's the matter?"— cried they all at once.—The affrighted governess pointed to her pupil's sash, exclaiming, "*Regardez!—regardez!*" There was a moderate-sized spider upon the young lady's sash—"*La voilà! ah la voilà!*" cried she, at an awful distance.

"It is only a spider," said Emma.

"A spider!" said Lady Augusta, and threw Fanfan from her lap as she rose—"where?—where?—on my sash!"

"I'll shake it off," said Helen.

"Oh! shake it, shake it!"—and

she shook it herself, till the spider fell to the ground, who seemed to be almost as much frightened as Lady Augusta, and was making his way as fast as possible from the field of battle.

"*Où est il?—où est il?—Le vilain animal!*" cried Mademoiselle, advancing —"*Ah que je l'écraise au moins,*" said she, having her foot prepared.

"Kill it!—O, Mademoiselle, don't kill it," said Emma, stooping down to save it—"I'll put it out of the window this instant."

"Ah! how can you touch it?" said Lady Augusta with disgust, while Emma carried it carefully in her hand; and Helen, whose humanity was still proof against Mademoiselle Panache, ran to open the window. Just as they had got the poor spider out of the reach of its

enemies, a sudden gust of wind blew it back again; it fell once more upon the floor.

"O, kill it;—kill it, any body—for heaven's sake *do* kill it!" Mademoiselle pressed forward, and crushed the animal to death.

"Is it dead? quite dead?" said her pupil, approaching timidly.

"*Avancez!*" said her governess, laughing—"*Que craignez vous donc?—Elle est morte, je vous dis.*"

The young lady looked at the entrails of the spider, and was satisfied.

So much for a lesson on humanity.

It was some time before the effects of this scene were effaced from the minds of either of the sisters; but at length a subject very interesting to Helen was started. Lady Augusta mentioned the little ebony box, which had been put

into the coach, and Miss Helen's very obliging note.

However, though she affected to be pleased, it was evident, by the haughty carelessness of her manner, whilst she returned her thanks, that she was rather offended than obliged by the present.

Helen was surprised and mortified. The times, she perceived, were changed since the days of Aboulcasem.

"I am particularly distressed," said Lady Augusta, who often assumed the language of a woman, "I am particularly distressed to rob you of your pretty prints; especially as my uncle has just sent me down a set of Bartolozzi's from town."

"But I hope, Lady Augusta, you liked the little prints which are cut out. I think you said you wished for

some such things, to put on a work-basket."

"O, yes; I'm sure I'm exceedingly obliged to you for remembering that; I had quite forgotten it; but I found some beautiful vignettes the other day in our French books, and I shall set about copying them for my basket directly. I'll show them to you, if you please," said she, going to the book-case. "Mademoiselle, do be so good as to reach for me those little books in the Morocco binding."

Mademoiselle got upon a stool, and touched several books, one after another, for she could not translate "Morocco binding."

"Which did you mean?—*Dis—dis—dis, or dat?*" said she.

"No, no—none of those, Mademoiselle; not in that row.—Look just

above your hand in the second row from the top."

"O, no; not in dat row, I hope."

"Why not there?"

"*O, Miladi Augusta, vous sçavez bien,—ce sont là les livres défendues*—I dare not touch one—*Vous le sçavez bien, Miladi, votre chère mère.*"

"*Miladi, votre chère mère!*" repeated the young lady, mimicking her governess—"pooh, nonsense, give me the books."

"*Eh non—absolument non—Croyez moi, Mademoiselle, de book is not good. Ce n'est pas comme il faut! it is not fit for young ladies—for nobody to read.*"

"How do you know that so well, Mademoiselle?"

"*N'importe,*" said Mademoiselle, colouring, "*n'importe—je le sçais.—But not to talk of dat; you know I cannot disobey Miladi; de row of Romans she*

forbid to be touch, on no account, by nobody but herself in de house—You know dis, Mademoiselle Augusta.—So en conscience," said she, descending from the stool——

"*En conscience!*" repeated Lady Augusta, with the impatient accent of one not used to be opposed, I can't help admiring the tenderness of your conscience, Mademoiselle Panache.—"Now, would you believe it?" continued she, turning to Emma and Helen, "now would you believe it? Mademoiselle has had the second volume of that very book under her pillow this fortnight; I caught her reading it one morning, and that was what made me so anxious to see it; or else ten to one I never should have thought of the book—*so* '*en conscience!*' Mademoiselle."

Mademoiselle coloured furiously.

"*Mais, vraiment, Miladi Augusta, vous me manquez en face!*"

The young lady made no reply, but sprang upon the stool, to reach the books for herself; and the governess, deeming it prudent not to endanger her authority by an ineffectual struggle for victory, thought proper to sound a timely retreat.

"*Allons! Mesdemoiselles,*" cried she, "*I fancy de tea wait by dis time; descendons;*" and she led the way.—Emma instantly followed her.—"Stay a moment for me, Helen, my dear."—Helen hesitated.

"Then you won't take down the books?" said she.

"Nay, one moment; just let me show you the vignette."

"No, no; pray don't, Mademoiselle said you must not."

"Yes, she said I must not; but you see she went away, that I might; and so I will," said Lady Augusta, jumping off the stool with the red books in her hand.—"Now, look here."

"O, no; I can't stay, indeed!" said Helen, pulling away her hand.

"La! what a child you are!" said Lady Augusta, laughing; "its mamma shan't be angry with it, she shan't.—La! what harm can there be in looking at a vignette?"

"Why, to be sure there can be no harm in looking at a vignette," said Helen, submitting from the same species of false shame, which had conquered her understanding before about the pistachio colour.

"Well, look!" said Lady Augusta,

opening the book, " isn't this exceedingly pretty?"

" Exceedingly pretty," said Helen, scarce seeing it: " now shall we go down?"

" No, stay; as you think that pretty I can show you a much prettier."

" Well, only *one* then."

But when she had seen that, Lady Augusta still said, " One other," and " one other," till she had gone through a volume and a half, Helen all the while alternately hesitating and yielding, out of pure weakness and *mauvaise honte.*

The vignettes, in fact, were not extraordinarily beautiful; nor, if they had, would she have taken the least pleasure in seeing them in such a surreptitious manner. She did not, however, see all the difficulties into which this first de-

viation from proper conduct would lead her. Alas! no one ever can!

Just when they were within three leaves of the end of the last volume, they heard voices upon the stairs.—"There's my mother!—They're coming!—What shall we do?" cried Lady Augusta; and though there could be "*no harm in looking at a print,*" yet the colour now forsook her cheek, and she stood the picture of guilt and cowardice. There was not time to put the books up in their places. What was to be done?

"Put them into our pockets," said Lady Augusta.

"O, no, no!—I won't—I can't—what meanness!"

"But you must. I can't get them both into mine," said Lady Augusta, in

great distress. "Dear, dear Helen, for my sake!"

Helen trembled, and let Lady Augusta put the book into her pocket.

"My dear," said Lady S—, opening the door just as this operation was effected, "we are come to see your room; will you let us in?"

"O, certainly, madam," said Lady Augusta, commanding a smile. But Helen's face was covered with so deep a crimson, and she betrayed such evident symptoms of embarrassment, that her mother, who came up with the rest of the company, could not help taking notice of it.

"Ar'n't you well, Helen, my dear?" said her mother.

Helen attempted no answer.

"Perhaps," said Lady Augusta, "it

was the grapes after dinner which disagreed with you."

Helen refused the look of assent, which was expected; and at this moment she felt the greatest contempt for Lady Augusta, and terror to see herself led on step by step in deceit.

"My love, indeed you don't look well," said Lady S—, in a tone of pity.

"*It must be de grapes!*" said Mademoiselle.

"No, indeed," said Helen, who felt inexpressible shame and anguish, "no, indeed, it is not the grapes;" turning away, and looking up to her mother with tears in her eyes.

She was upon the point of producing the book before all the company; but Lady Augusta pressed her arm, and she forbore; for she thought it would be dishonourable to betray her.

Mrs. Temple did not choose to question her daughter further at this time, and relieved her from confusion by turning to something else.

As they went down stairs to tea, Lady Augusta, with familiar fondness, took Helen's hand.

"You need not fear," said Helen, withdrawing her hand coldly; "I shall not betray you, Augusta."

"You'll promise me that?"

"Yes," said Helen, with a feeling of contempt.

After tea Lady Augusta was requested to sit down to the piano forte, and favour the company with an Italian song. She sat down, and played and sung with the greatest ease and gaiety imaginable; whilst Helen, incapable of feeling, still more incapable of affecting gaiety, stood beside the harpsichord, her

eyes bowed down with "*penetrative shame.*"

"Why do you look so wo-begone?" said Lady Augusta, as she stooped for a music book; "why don't you look as I do?"

"I can't," said Helen.

Her ladyship did not feel the force of this answer; for her own self-approbation could, it seems, be recovered at a very cheap rate; half a dozen strangers listening, with unmeaning smiles and encomiums, to her execution of one of Clementi's lessons, were sufficient to satisfy her ambition. Nor is this surprising, when all her education had tended to teach her, that what are called accomplishments are superior to every thing else. Her drawings were next to be produced and admired. The table was presently covered with fruit,

flowers, landscapes, men's, women's, and children's heads; whilst Mademoiselle was suffered to stand holding a large port-folio, till she was ready to faint; nor was she, perhaps, the only person in company who was secretly tired of the exhibition.

These eternal exhibitions of accomplishments have of late become private nuisances. Let young women cultivate their tastes or their understandings in any manner that can afford them agreeable occupation, or, in one word, that can make them happy; if they are wise, they will early make it their object to be permanently happy, and not merely to be admired for a few hours of their existence.

All this time poor Helen could think of nothing but the book, which she had been persuaded to secrete. It grew late

in the evening, and Helen grew more and more uneasy at not having any opportunity of returning it. Lady Augusta was so busy talking and receiving compliments, that it was impossible to catch her eye.

At length Mrs. Temple's carriage was ordered; and now all the company were seated in form, and Helen saw with the greatest distress, that she was further than ever from her purpose. She once had a mind to call her mother aside, and consult her; but that she could not do, on account of her promise.

The carriage came to the door; and whilst Helen put on her cloak, Mademoiselle assisted her, so that she could not speak to Lady Augusta. At last, when she was taking leave of her, she said, "Will you let me give you the book?" and half drew it from her pocket.

"O, goodness! not now; I can't take it now."

"What shall I do with it?"

"Why, take it home, and send it back directed to *me*—remember—by the first opportunity—when you have done with it."

"Done with it!—I have done with it.—Indeed, Lady Augusta, you must let me give it you now."

"Come, Helen, we are waiting for you, my dear," said Mrs. Temple; and Helen was hurried into the carriage with the book still in her pocket. Thus was she brought from one difficulty into another.

Now she had promised her mother never to borrow any book without her knowledge; and certainly she had not the slightest intention to forfeit her word, when she first was persuaded to look at the vignettes. "Oh," said she

to herself, "where will all this end? What shall I do now? Why was I so weak as to stay to look at the prints? And why did I fancy I should like Lady Augusta, before I knew any thing of her? Oh, how much I wish I had never seen her!"

Occupied by these thoughts all the way they were going home, Helen, we may imagine, did not appear as cheerful, or as much at ease, as usual. Her mother and her sister were conversing very agreeably; but if she had been asked when the carriage stopped, she could not have told a single syllable of what they had been saying.

Mrs. Temple perceived that something hung heavy upon her daughter's mind; but, trusting to her long habits of candour and integrity, she was de-

termined to leave her entirely at liberty; she therefore wished her a good night, without inquiring into the cause of her melancholy.

Helen scarcely knew what it was to lie awake at night; she generally slept soundly from the moment she went to bed till the morning, and then wakened as gay as a lark; but now it was quite otherwise; she lay awake, uneasy and restless, her pillow was wet with her tears, she turned from side to side, but in vain; it was the longest night she ever remembered; she wished a thousand times for morning, but when the morning came, she got up with a very heavy heart; all her usual occupations had lost their charms; and what she felt the most painful was, her mother's kind, open, unsuspicious manner. She had

never, at least, she had never for many years, broken her word; she had long felt the pleasure of integrity, and knew how to estimate its loss.

"And for what," said Helen to herself, "have I forfeited this pleasure?—for nothing."

But, besides this, she was totally at a loss to know what step she was next to take; nor could she consult the friends she had always been accustomed to apply to for advice. Two ideas of honour, two incompatible ideas, were struggling in her mind. She thought that she should not betray her companion, and she knew she ought not to deceive her mother. She was fully resolved never to open the book which she had in her pocket, but yet she was to keep it she knew not how long. Lady Augusta had desired her to send it

home; but she did not see how this was to be accomplished, without having recourse to the secret assistance of servants, a species of meanness to which she had never stooped. She thought she saw herself involved in inextricable difficulties. She knew not what to do; she laid her head down upon her arms, and wept bitterly.

Her mother just then came into the room.—" Helen, my dear," said she, without taking any notice of her tears, " here's a fan, which one of the servants just brought out of the carriage; I find it was left there by accident all night.

" The man tells me, that Mademoiselle Panache, put it into the front pocket, and said it was a present from Lady Augusta to Miss Helen." It was a splendid French fan.

" Oh," said Helen, " I can't take it!

I can't take any present from Lady Augusta——I wish——"

"You wish, perhaps," said Mrs. Temple, smiling, "that you had not begun the traffic of presents; but since you have, it would not be handsome, it would not be proper, to refuse the fan."

"But I must—I will refuse it!" said Helen. "Oh, mother! you don't know how unhappy I am!"—She paused. "Didn't you see that something was the matter, madam, when you came up yesterday into Lady Augusta's room?"

"Yes," said her mother, "I did; but I did not choose to inquire the cause; I thought if you had wished I should know it, that you would have told it to me. You are now old

enough, Helen, to be treated with confidence."

"No," said Helen, bursting into tears, "I am not—indeed I am not—I have—But, oh, mother!—the worst of all is, that I don't know whether I should tell you any thing about it or no—I ought not to betray any body; ought I?"

"Certainly not: and as to me, the desire you now show to be sincere is enough; you are perfectly at liberty: if I can assist to advise you, my dear, I will; but I do not want to force any secret from you: do what you think right and honourable."

"But I have done what is very dishonourable," said Helen.—"At least I may tell you all that concerns myself. I am afraid you will think I have broken my promise," said she, drawing the book

from her pocket,—"I have brought home this book."—She paused, and seemed to wait for her mother's reproaches: but her mother was silent; she did not look angry, but surprised and sorry.

"Is this all you wished to say?"

"All that I can say," replied Helen. Perhaps, if you heard the whole story, you might think me less to blame; but I cannot tell it to you. I hope you will not ask me any more."

"No," said her mother, "that, I assure you, I will not."

"And now, mother, will you—and you'll set my heart at ease again—will you tell me what I shall do with the book?"

"That I cannot possibly do; I cannot advise when I don't know the cir-

cumstances: I pity you, Helen, but I cannot help you; you must judge for yourself."

Helen, after some deliberation, resolved to write a note to Lady Augusta, and to ask her mother to send it.

Her mother sent it, without looking at the direction.

"Oh, mother! how good you are to me!" said Helen; "and now, madam, what shall be my punishment?"

"It will be a very severe punishment, I'm afraid; but it is in my power to help it: my confidence in you does not depend upon myself; it must always depend upon you."

"Oh! have I lost your confidence?"

"Not lost, but lessened it," said her mother, "I cannot possibly feel the

same confidence in you now, that I did yesterday morning; I cannot feel the same dependence upon a person who has deceived me, as upon one who never had—could you?"

"No, certainly," said Helen, with a deep sigh.

"Oh!" said she to herself, "if Lady Augusta knew the pain she has cost me!—But I'm sure, however, she'll tell her mother all the affair, when she reads my note."

Helen's note contained much eloquence and more simplicity! but as to the effect upon Lady Augusta, she calculated ill. No answer was returned but a few ostensible lines:—"Lady Augusta's compliments, and she was happy to hear Miss Helen T. was better, &c."—And, strange to tell!

when they met about three weeks after at a ball in town, Lady Augusta did not think proper to take any notice of Helen or Emma. She looked as if she had never seen them before, and by a haughty stare, for girls can stare now almost as well as women, cancelled all her former expressions of friendship for her "dear Helen." It is to be observed, that she was now in company with two or three young ladies of higher rank, whom she thought more fashionable, and consequently more amiable.

Mrs. Temple was by no means sorry to find this intimacy between Lady Augusta and her daughter dissolved.

"I am sure the next time," said Helen, "I'll take care not to like a

stranger merely for having a blue sash."

"But, indeed," said Emma, "I do think Mademoiselle Panache, from all I saw of her, is to blame for many of Lady Augusta's defects."

"For all of them, I'll answer for it," said Helen; "I would not have a French governess for the world; Lady S*** might well say, they were a sad set of people."

"That was too general an expression, Helen," said Mrs. Temple; "and it is neither wise nor just, to judge of any set of people by an individual, whether that individual be good or bad.—All French governesses are not like Mademoiselle Panache."

Helen corrected her expression; and said, " Well, I mean I would not for the world have such a governess as Mademoiselle Panache!"

[*The Second Part of Mademoiselle Panache is given in Miss Edgeworth's " Moral Tales."*]

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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